The Universalist Leader

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

It is reported that the English *Review of Reviews*, made famous by the editorship of William T. Stead, a foe of war, has passed under the control of Sir Philip Gibbs, the renowned war correspondent and man of letters, who is no less an opponent of militarism, and who is busy weaving the informal Anglo-American *entente* by his books and by his lectures to the two peoples. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

There can be no question that this substitution of theology for real Christianity is one of the great tragedies of history. It turned the gaze to another world. It made men acquiesce in the evils of this one. It cut the nerve of practical effort to transform the world here. It removed Christ from real leadership. It transferred the scene of the kingdom of God from the world we know to one where no conquests are needed. (*Friends' Intelligencer.*)

υ λ

The endeavor of the better school is, in so far as possible, to connect all subject-matter with daily life, and to omit from text books that knowledge which is irrelevant and petty. (*Stanwood Cobb, in Atlantic Monthly.*)

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If foreign missions have any definite influence toward peace in the world, it might be worth any civilized nation's while to reduce domestic taxation for armament and urge the people to contribute the difference to the support of such missionary efforts. In the resolutions sent to the Federal Council here from the "Federation of Churches in Japan" as quoted by the *Baptist* there is a paragraph of which the editor says: "Especially interesting, in view of the strained relations between Japan and the United States, is this deliverance concerning militarism:"

"Among European and American people there is a mistaken idea that we are clinging to militaristic and aggressive principles and that we are thus a second Germany. We deeply regret this. In every nation there are those who admire militarism, and to this Japan is no exception. But we unquestionably believe that both our national policy and the desire of the majority of our people are always for peace and without ambition to invade and possess the territory of others. It is our aim to lead our people to the absolute rejection of militarism and to help bring about a world peace that will endure forever."

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Just be glad.

* *

Easter is annual. Immortality is perpetual.

* *

Easter is not to be explained, it is to be felt.

* *

Resurrection claims an anniversary; but immortality never had a birthday.

* *

Fill the soul with the Easter spirit and it will find expression through action.

* *

Do not make so much noise with the service that the people can not hear the flowers talk.

* *

The resurrection hour for our Church to a deeper, broader and better life, therefore to a longer.

* *

What we see in the tomb is not what is behind the door of stone, but what is in our own heart.

* *

There are those who say they go to church on Easter Sunday to hear the music, but it is because of the message that Easter music sings.

* *

More people attend the church on Easter Sunday than on any other, simply because, whether they know it or not, the human heart hungers and thirsts for immortality.

* *

The sunshine of the Easter morning comes but once a year; but immortality is life's true light, that never dims in any storm, or passing night, or fond farewell of earth.

* *

The Easter sermon must be the glad and confident message of a glorious faith; to make the wisest and strongest argument for immortality is to make a mistake and not a sermon.

* *

"I am the resurrection and the life," the statement of the boldest, holiest prophet of the living God, looks the grave straight in the face conscious of its emptiness, which, later, hearts of less high faith shall come to realize.

* *

The promise of Easter is the promise which has dwelt in the heart of man since the beginning of time, and will abide in the heart of man till the ending of eternity. It is not something we learn, it is something we know without learning.

* *

The new Easter has none of the shadows of the past. It is a time when we see the invisible made visible, the unreal made real, the ugly made beautiful, and the earthly made heavenly; when we sit still and know that God is God.

* *

Resurrection is born in the human mind, the hopeful offspring of a loving human heart, the worthy maximum of finite understanding. But immortality comes to our comprehension from the divine, the twin of never-dying love, the worthy minimum of infinite wisdom.

* *

Resurrection is dependent on a body, but life is not, it came from the without to enter a body naturally prepared; through with the body, life passes once more to the without. Without the without no life could be incarnate in the human flesh. With the without it lives before and after.

* *

Longfellow's familiar words about transition are just as true of birth as of death. Substitute the word birth for death and read them thus:

> "There is no birth! What seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call birth."

* *

The Great Need of the Hour

The great need of the world to-day is a new brand of human nature, is the way a secular paper puts it. And just in proportion as we satisfy this need with a human nature that is just and true, that is cheerfully holy and wholly cheerful, we shall be on the way. All the laws on the statute books, all the theological conditional dogmas, can never accomplish what Christian love in the human heart will do. And that is what we are here for; to try to produce this new brand of human nature which will make this world a fit place to live in and alone will open the way into any heavenly kingdom worth trying for. And this work will succeed—if not in our hands, then in some others, for it is of God and can not fail.

PROPHECY AND KNOWLEDGE

PHILLIPS BROOKS preached more than one Easter sermon from the text: "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive forevermore." These words suggested, perhaps expressed, the current conception of immortality a generation ago. There are multitudes of devout Christians for whom such beliefs still suffice. They think of being dead, and after that, being made alive again. No one would deny them their faith; many wistfully envy them.

But there is an ever growing number whom science compels to think in terms of continuity. The angel with the flaming sword of knowledge has driven them beyond a belief in spiritual magic. To them, ordered sequence is the process of the universe. They meet the hour when life passes beyond seeing in stoic silence.

Is there no Easter message for them? Twenty-five years ago, a Universalist declared that "immortality is not life beyond death, but invulnerability to death, not quantity of years but quality of soul." Since that time there has been a vast revolution in scientific thinking. Then dogmatically affirming that matter was the ultimate reality, our growing knowledge of sub-atomic and radio-active force has brought us nearly to the point of thinking that matter may be only a manifestation of reality.

The implications of psychic research, as Dr. Randall suggests in his fine article and much more fully sets forth in his book, carry us in the same direction.

To most of us, "Faith shall be lost in sight" is at best a promise for another sphere of being. It may yet be a statement of present fact. Prophecy and knowledge are scientific sequences. When that day comes we shall not have lost the faith of the world's childhood. We shall have gained the wisdom of its maturity.

* *

WHAT THE FUTURE HATH

THERE is a man who drifts into our company occasionally, who admits that there may be a good deal better world over there on the other side of the grave, "but," he says, "this world is good enough for me." The man is a type; there are lots of him who are seeking to escape future responsibility through the door of present interest. It is a very good idea when there is something we do not and can not know to trust it to some one who does know, or to stop speculating about it. About the only thing we can know and can be sure of, regarding the New Jerusalem, is that there is or will be when needed such a city, or something corresponding to it, and that its survey and architecture will be in wiser hands than those of the efficiency engineer or the modern city manager. It will fit the needs of the human soul whatever they may be, and we need not worry. Better far to say, as a noted scientist said as he lay upon his death bed: "I know I am dying, and going out into another world. I do not know anything about it, nor do you, but I do know this: when I came into this world, the most helpless of all creatures, loving arms were provided to care for me until I could care for myself; now I am going out into that other world, and the same love which provided for my reception here will provide for my reception there, and I have nothing to worry about." All of which means that there is very little difference between conditions in this world and the other; that the same primary laws govern here and there, and when we stop fretting and quarreling about the golden streets and the heavenly homes and the beautiful flowers and the angelic music over there, which will all be wisely cared for, and settle right down to our own present job of making ours a city-beautiful, with sanitary streets and livable homes, where flowers and music are for all, and all have a fair chance, then will there come a vision of a future worthy of our hopes.

* *

THE SPIRITUAL IMPLICATION OF THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD

SOME one has said that "man has always stood on tiptoe before the great question-mark of the ages—peering, wondering, questioning, hoping, praying."

In the early morning of life, when the first men and women said "Good-by" to their mates amid weird ceremonies, they asked in some form the age-old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" To-day, when our loved ones sail down the mist-covered harbor we repeat what our forefathers asked. And in the grey shadows of the twilight of time, the question that has in it the heartache of the human race will be asked again and again.

For ourselves, we have found a reply that comforts, strengthens and sustains. Jesus answered this age-long question when he declared that God is our Father. That is all that we need to know. It is efficient.

Being the child of the Eternal God, man is unconquerable, and his soul is imperishable. The son searches out and fathoms his Father's ways. Under the leadership of some Newton, or Franklin, or Edison, he discovers his Father's methods and then harnesses God's powers and builds houses and cities and states and nations.

Under the guidance of Jesus, man used his Father's spiritual powers to bring peace and joy and beauty into life. And if we ever have a "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" it will be when men follow Jesus in the spiritual realm as faithfully as they follow these other guides.

Man is indeed the offspring of God. But man lives at the most but a short three score years and ten. The logical inference is that there must be opportunity for life more and more abundant elsewhere. It is inevitable. We find in the Fatherhood of God the spiritual implication of eternal life. In fact we remember that Jesus said, "If it were not so, I would have told you."

* *

TILL NIGHT FALL COMES AGAIN

THEY who teach the resurrection as the ultimate of our human hope oft turn to nature for their authoritative illustration. They picture the fading and the setting of the day, the transient character of darkness, and then the brilliant dawn which calls us from our slumber to some new period of struggle. In the seasons as they march around us in

methodical routine they find a figure of our living. The spring is birth, the summer growth, the autumn certain harvesting and age, the winter death, which only fills the void until the coming of another spring; and when it comes—as come it must—they hail it as Dame Nature's Easter morn and proclaim the resurrection as its festive lesson. Shall we, then, forget that this is the ceaseless mechanism of the world and halt its progress at any single point to prove a spiritual analogy? Haste, then, and get it over! Dwell not too long upon its thought; for on those seasons move and that which now is resurrected passes on to death again. The day is born and we may love its light. But use it while you may, for night again shall come and in the dark the beauty of thy lesson appears at some considerable disadvantage. Is resurrection the lesson that nature really teaches? It seems not so to some of us. Nay, rather, nature teaches immortality—a life that never ceases in any season—careless of the light or dark; changing its clothes from time to time, like men; laboring at proper hours; rejoicing now—and now diffused with tears and storm; gathering the fruitage of its careful toil; and lying down to rest; asleep at times—but never dead. Resurrection is a mechanical detail, at its best. But immortality exists, transcendent of all minor details, a unity with God, its Master as our own, whose fine, august authority it lovingly obeys in all its never-conquerable experience.

* *

THE ANGEL IN THE TOMB

EASTER is a poem not to be translated into prose. There is something here too big and too beautiful to be dissected or analyzed in material terms. The best things in life are beyond definition, and even knowledge, and yet they are the vivid, vital realities in which we live.

That which is genuine is of the inner spirit and disposition, rather than in the outward circumstance. The sources of happiness and misery are as varied as the individuals who feel. Most of our troubles in the world are caused by failure to comprehend ourselves, other people, events, and God.

The poet writes better history than the historian, because the poet deals with the invisible forces back of the things the historian sees. The stories of the period in which Jesus lived fill libraries; the story of Jesus is told in a few hundred words—but one brief poem. The history is largely dry and dead, while the poem is the dynamic of human progress. Those who know only about Jesus may be very wise, but those who know Jesus find peace that passeth understanding.

There is nothing more foolish than an argument for immortality. You might as well argue that the flower is beautiful, that the song of the bird is sweet, that the sunset is glorious, and that it is good for young hearts to love. There are some things we know; we do not know how we know, we can not give a reason for our knowing, but we know we know. We place the seat of our knowledge in the brain, but a single throb of the heart can wreck the mightiest creation of the mind. The master intellect stands trembling and afraid in the presence of human suffering, and a little child shall lead him to the fountain of learning. The captain of finance casts all his possessions at the feet of love which no eye can see. With all the sublime achievements of this greatest age the world has ever known, it has not yet caught up with the thought of the great Apostle, "That which is seen is temporal; that which is unseen is eternal."

All primary motives are invisible; even the urge of selfishness and sin has its impulse, unacknowledged and unknown, in sentiment more often than in sense. We can not measure life with a calendar. The baby coming into the world like a ray of sunlight through a cloud, and as quickly gone, has revealed more to loving hearts than all the scholars and preachers of the ages can teach.

We have tried to confine eternal life within the boundaries of time and limit our knowing to the size of words, and so we have dwelt in the shadow instead of in the sunshine. We have not understood our experiences because we have not set them in their right relations. We sit before the marvelous book of life and it is in an unknown tongue; we need an interpreter. The philosopher can tell us something, the chemist can tell us something, the lawyer and the doctor and the preacher can all tell us something, but only the poet and the mystic can tell us the real things, the things we long for and pray for when our hearts are sore.

And there is a message for us all, confident, assuring, glorious, in the realized vision of the poet, and the preacher who is a poet, as they lead us to see the invisible as the one enduring reality.

Mary came to the sepulcher just as we come to the grave of our loved ones; she stood there weeping just as we do; and as she wept she stooped and looked in just as we would, and as she looked she saw an Angel.

* *

ELSE MEN WERE NOT

IN our present gross material state," says Shelley, "our faculties are clouded; when death removes our clay coverings, the mystery will be solved."

Finite life is a bounded, limited life. It is life within a frame. We behold the frame as of a picture, the fixed, arbitrary edge on the other side of which our physical vision sees something entirely different. But, at the same instant, our spiritual vision finds a perfect and harmonious consciousness of the larger life beyond the frame, of which that within it is but a symbol. A bit of river in the sketch is absolutely meaningless save for our knowledge of what a river really is. A foot or two of field and forest may be done in oil, but it would have no beauty if it did not suggest the fields and forests that even humans measure in miles and acres rather than in feet.

A gift betokens love, but not merely the love of that one gift, or it is a passing, paltry thing. Only as the gift reveals the love to which this giving is only one slight incident, has the gift received the slightest value in reality. Shall the gift of human life, self-reproducing image of that great creative passion whom most of us have agreed to call "God," be less than gifts of men that seek our hearts and minds far more than our mere fleshly hands?

Our "faculties are clouded" and our vision much confused by the admixture of conflicting thoughts when human partings call us to their fond adieus.

Our tender reverence for the abandoned body clashes with the knowledge that nature will be far less concerned than we in its permanent preservation; and intermingling swiftly comes the third, the lingering wonder as to whether the indifference of nature shall be contradicted by some infinite ultimatum.

He who denies the past has but a meager present; but he who denies the future has a present more impoverished. The "more abundant" present life holds sweet companionship with both eternities that sweep from either side of its brief moment to swing their semi-orbit way in universal circle to the Great I Am who breathed, is breathing, and will breathe into human nostrils the breath of life which creates the living souls of men—else men were not.

Immortality hangs on no script or spoken word; nor even on the noblest thought conceived in human mind. The holiest messengers of God can only speak what is. They create it not.

Immortality is of immortal God. It was in the beginning, was with God, and was God. All things were made by immortality; and without immortality was not anything made that was made. Even mortal forms and images which immortality for the nonce illuminates are made because the immortal spirit requires them for its transient visitation. Immortality was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

The universal Fatherhood of God is the key-note of the Good News of the cheerful Christ. It preaches for itself Paternal Love Divine, to which a never-ending hell is obviously but incidentally impossible. Beyond all framing limitation of the heart, or mind, or the "clay covered" human soul, it predicates the infinitely natural result of the final harmony with Him of all souls, in whose very spiritual existence our Father has reproduced His own immortal life. This is the inevitable religion of to-morrow.

* *

ANY KIND WILL NOT DO

WE must have air to breathe, but it must be pure air; any kind will not do, it must be the right kind and enough of it. We must have religion if we would live in the larger dimensions, but it must be pure religion; any kind will not do, it must be the right kind and enough of it. For many centuries the many have been dreaming that as long as they had a something called religion stored away in their minds or in ecclesiastical books, they were insured; dreaming that their higher life could continue and improve on a religion of cruel and unreasonable dogmas which had absolutely no connection with practical life, but would admit them to the realm of endless bliss. But the Christian world is waking up and beginning to see that if the Christian religion means anything to anybody it must mean something for everybody. No longer are we to think of ourselves apart from others, apart from the mass. We are finding that real religion is practise rather than profession. We are opening our eyes to the sublime and universal truth of God that no man can be saved alone; as Lincoln said, "It must be everybody or nobody." We may think it is none of our business that millions of human beings are starving in the distant East; we may think it is none of our business that there is want, and injustice, and greed all about us, but a religion that is a real religion will shake us awake to the fact that the suffering of the most distant human being is our suffering, and we can not get away from it.

It makes a tremendous difference what kind of a religion we have, and those who have a workable kind will do well to put it distinctively before the needy. Those whose good fortune it is to have a religion pure and undefiled before God, are negligent of sacred duty if they say any religion will do, for it will not. As we depart from the old self-seeking of individual soul-saving, and begin to sense the interdependence of the human race and realize that Christianity means nothing short of universal human brotherhood, we find our religion recognizing that the suffering and death of the most distant member of the human race in China, or the closest member of the human race, your neighbor, is the suffering and death of your brother; we are beginning to get a religion that will work, and work to some purpose.

* *

THE IMMEASURABLE MAN

HOW can you measure a man? Tape-line, schedule, and bank balance are used according to whether he is entering a gymnasium, applying for a job, or trying to start in business for himself. But the inadequacy of the accepted basis is acknowledged in each of these lines. There is a spiritual self-determination that is not registered by any mathematical figures, genealogical data, or financial credits, and it is just that indeterminable determining power which decides whether or not the man shall win in the physical contest, make good in the acquired job, or succeed in his own commercial enterprise.

The mechanics of every organized human relation always fail of complete adequacy and are subject always to modification, which is sometimes overdue and sometimes too hastily applied, because the real man is an immeasurable spiritual entity. This has been demonstrated in the history of church and state. It is being demonstrated in industry. No shop will be fully efficient because it is "open" or because it is "closed." Students of industrial economics agree, in the last analysis, that "the human factor" is of first importance.

Creeds and constitutions, evolved at cost of voluntary as well as vicarious suffering, stamped in their very fiber with the greatest human sincerity, marked in every paragraph by the invaluable contribution of trained and keenest mental energy, and woven with kindly instinct and fervent desire for justice, must be revised and amended continually because the man whose belief they transiently inscribe and whose activities they temporarily regulate is an immeasurable spiritual entity, come forth from the infinite, creative Love, whose English name is God.

One, never excelled in approaching the expression of the inexpressible, approximated the only answer for measuring a man by saying: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

A New Conception of Life

An Easter Message

John Herman Randall

IN spite of the many new problems that confront the world to-day there is at least one old problem whose insistence has not waned and whose appeal to the human heart remains unchanged—a problem as old as the aspiration of man and as new as our most modern thinking. When we remember that every year thirty-one and a half millions of human beings pass through the experience we call death, that every three years a number greater than the entire population of the United States leave this world for the "Great Beyond," that in the span of a single life of fourscore years the inconceivable number two billion four hundred million fellow human creatures of the planet earth will have passed from out the reach of time and sense, that the one inevitable experience awaiting, sooner or later, every individual being, is death—how indeed can any thoughtful mind fail to pause and reflect?

What question, by comparison, can rank in significance with this supreme question of man's destiny? In its essence it has to do with nothing less than the value of a human soul. Is the soul nothing, or is it everything? Is it of infinitesimal worth, or is it infinite? Let this age-old question be answered definitely in the affirmative and the sociological problem is solved forever. No man would willingly grind precious jewels into the dust. If the human life is not an immortal soul in evolution, the sooner we know it the better.

For nineteen hundred years the Christian world has professed a belief in immortality based on the resurrection of Jesus, and yet there are multitudes to-day for whom the old doctrine, as it finds expression in the various creeds of Christendom, is no longer adequate or satisfying; and the instinctive cry of the human heart for more light on the old mystery is more insistent and more general than ever before; it is not creeds but facts that the soul craves, not doctrines but the actual experience of the truth that men are seeking, however blindly.

For the first time in human history the whole question of man's destiny has been approached in a serious and scientific spirit, with no ulterior motive, but simply that of ascertaining the exact facts as to survival after death, if that be a possible thing. Psychic Research has become a phrase to conjure by, and the literature on the subject—good, bad, and indifferent—has been one of the surprising things of the last few years; but when we reflect upon the standing and ability of many of the men and women who have given years of time to investigations in this particular field, we can not but be impressed with the significance of this movement, whatever its final results may prove to be.

No one can read carefully the writings of men like Maeterlinck, or James, or Lodge, or Hyslop, without coming to feel that they have been impelled to devote time and energy to the search for facts in this special field, not merely for the sake of the ultimate truth of survival after death, but because of the bearing of this truth on man's moral and spiritual life here upon earth. It is a more spiritual conception of life as a whole that Maeterlinck is clearly seeking. The same thing is profoundly true of James. Lodge adds to this what he feels may prove to be a revitalizing influence upon a moribund religion; while Hyslop goes still further in pointing out what he regards as its practical bearing upon politics and the economic structure of society. Such writers are consciously giving expression, through their interest in Psychic Research, to human needs and aspirations which they feel have been denied and suppressed by so much of current science and philosophy, and especially by the dominant spirit of the age.

The deeper meaning of the widespread interest to-day in the future life, through Psychic Research, is found in the absence in modern life of those moral and spiritual values that alone give real significance and power to life. It is a new and richer and more satisfying conception of life that men are really seeking, and not simply new light on the mystery that lies beyond death. More or less vaguely men are beginning to see that while they may have gained the whole world of things, they have nevertheless lost their souls; and so they are driven to find in some "other world" those values of which they feel themselves to be bereft here.

The ideal teachings of Jesus created a new social standard, based upon the nature and worth of each individual soul, and our responsibility toward it. But materialistic reaction has threatened this conception with extinction. We do not feel the racial sympathy experienced by the early missionaries, or the sense of the unity of the human race created by our obligation to share the truth and blessings we enjoy with even the poorest and meanest of earth. We have adopted morals that threaten our own race with extinction, and then fear or despise those races that promise to take our place. The ruthless exploiters of subject peoples or weak races give the lie to the professed beliefs of "Christian" nations, while the all-too-general exploitation of the worker, under our present industrial system, which no amount of sophistry or evasion or apology can longer conceal, only proves how low is the estimate we place in practise upon individual human lives.

Now suppose that the whole question of the intrinsic worth of the individual were taken out of the realm of religious belief or poetic sentiment and placed upon a scientific basis. Suppose it should be proved beyond the shadow of any doubt that Nature, or the God of Nature, prizes personality far too highly ever to let it be wholly lost. Suppose it could be proved, not just believed, that each one—the despised "dago" and "hunkie" and "chink" and "nigger" and "sheeny" as well as those who boast of their blue blood and culture—must go on after death, whether they want to or not, and that the life there is lived in obedience

to the great law of cause and effect, that what we sow here we must reap there, that the moral values of life hold inexorably; and, furthermore, suppose it were proved that our social, or unsocial, conduct here, actually limited and injured our soul's life after death —a thought that never enters into our calculations now—and that by the law of reaction, or retributive justice, all the social wrongs we commit here, consciously or unconsciously—our exploitation of others, our indifferent selfishness, our scorn and contempt—would in some form be visited upon ourselves in that "other life." If these facts could be proved true and men generally accepted them as such, we should not only have the clue to the solution of the industrial problem, but of all our social and international problems of to-day. For the reverence of all other individuals equally with ourselves, would mean the beginning of the reign of justice here on earth.

From the ethical view-point it seems clear that the proof of survival, if it is eventually found by Psychic Research, must mean great gain for the moral life of man. There is no question of the right and the duty to insist on economic justice and to strive for a more equal distribution of this world's good things here and now. But the value of this larger share will depend wholly upon the use to which it is put, when it has been acquired. And its use will depend upon the ideals of its possessor. Money is power, and like all power it should receive respect only in proportion to its furtherance of ethical ideals. And where shall we begin to build our ideals if not in a deeper reverence for the worth of our true selves and the intrinsic value of every other personality? If the proof of survival did nothing more than to bring that reverence into human life, it would have laid the foundations of a loftier morality and a nobler society.

It is not the mere fact that we survive death that will affect directly the conduct of individuals and societies, but its place in the organic system of ideas and ideals of the social body. It was not the mere belief in immortality that gave to early Christianity its power, but the influence of that belief in giving to all of life a new and higher qualitative value. It is clear that an intelligent belief in a future life is, for most people, the best fortification for all those duties which have a relation to an existence beyond the present. If we could organize, in association with that belief, a stronger sense of human brotherhood, and rise to the realization of those moral and social ideals that flow naturally from it, it might ultimately influence our social systems and our political institutions as profoundly as did the fifteen centuries of Christian supremacy. But there will be little gain for the world in any future discovery bearing upon the proof of survival, unless it does develop the consciousness of a new meaning in life here and now and a deeper appreciation of human values, and unless we learn to perceive in its truth the moral and social implications for human existence on this planet.

A little reflection will serve to convince any one that *merely to survive*, just as we are now, with all our present conscious imperfections and weaknesses, would never satisfy the growing and aspiring soul of man. The real reason for our present dissatisfactions and discouragements, and the large place that hope plays in most lives, springs from the fact that, constituted as he is, man can never long be content with himself as he is, any more than he can be content with things-as-they-are. A "something" in him impels him forward irresistibly; he feels he must advance, must make progress toward some distant goal, however vague. If Maeterlinck's and James's conception be true, and we are surrounded by a Universal Consciousness, of which we are all but individualized parts, it is inconceivable to think that this tiny bit of consciousness we know here should indeed remain unmodified or unchanged as it leaves the body behind and comes into more direct and vital relations with the larger Consciousness of the Universe. It must expand, widen and deepen, more or less rapidly, the true and spiritual self within us ever becoming more and more our real and conscious self; until it may even transpire that the tiny consciousness we knew on earth as the self is swallowed up, as it were, or well-nigh forgotten, in the immensely larger spiritual self-consciousness that takes its place.

The main thing that actually interests us in survival, when we think carefully about it, is that only that part of us that is really worth-while and valuable shall persist beyond death. But what constitute the "real values" that are thus worthy of immortality? From the ancient idealism of Plato to the New Realism of modern times, the answer is the same. It is that *ideals are real. Eternal* are justice and goodness and truth and love, not because they persist through all time, but because, "in a heaven by themselves," they partake neither of the nature of "things" that are in time and space nor, indeed, of the nature of time and space themselves. Man does not create the great moral and spiritual values of life; all he does is to discover their actuality in experience with the help of reason. It is these supreme values that are the eternal and immortal realities.

If man, then, seeks the assurance of a genuinely spiritual immortality, and not merely a more or less material survival after death, it follows as a matter of course that he must lay hold of these "eternal verities" which are, in their very essence, of eternity, and of whose immortality there can not possibly be any dispute. To these he must give heed daily and hourly, not as to beautiful or poetic sentiments to whose appeal he may occasionally respond, but as to inexorable principles of life that he must habitually translate into character. In the little things of life as well as in the larger, in all social relations just as truly as in individual, everywhere and constantly, he will seek to live his life by the light and in the inspiration of the eternal verities. In the depths of his being he will hear the voice that says: "Be good, be true, be just, be loving, for goodness and truth and justice and love belong not to time but to eternity, and you have the capacity within yourself to partake of these eternal qualities and make them an essential part of your very self forever."

Thus, as he gradually comes to live his life more and more habitually in the presence of these high ideals, as voluntary struggle and stress to realize them slowly give place to involuntary and unconscious

co-operation with them, until at length he comes literally to live and move and have his being in these eternal verities, then, and not until then, does he enter, by right and inevitably, into the *real immortality* that is possible here and now; for in his deepest self he has thus become an actual part of these realities that have always been of the very essence of eternity.

The real question then, is not, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but rather, "If a man die, does he deserve to live again?" The supreme personal question is not, "Am I immortal?" but, "Am I worthy of immortality?" Have I achieved in myself that which is of sufficient value to the universe to justify immortality for me? An I sufficiently "real," in the sense that my life in its inner consciousness has blended and become one with the God who is Justice and Truth, Goodness and Love? Is my real self sufficiently developed in the True, the Beautiful, the Good, so that it does not fear the death of the body, whenever it may take place? Am I so consciously one with the eternal verities that death can have no power over me?

Is not this the great truth of the Eastertide? Not that Jesus died and came to life again, but rather that the real Jesus never died at all, simply because his spiritual being had become so perfectly blended with those moral and spiritual values which are eternal and "in the heavens," and for such there can be no death. The divinest thing in the universe, next to God, is human life, and the greatest thing in human life is the fully developed personality, and the truly developed personality is the one in whom the moral and spiritual values of life have attained the supremacy, and those men and women who have surrendered to these eternal values of life possess in themselves here and now the real immortality.

A Morning Thought

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death. Flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened on the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

The Joyful Sunday

The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D.

"He is not here, but is risen." Luke 24 : 6.

THAT a day in spring should be set apart to commemorate the ever-renewed evidence of the Life Everlasting and the abiding Spirit of Jesus, is in accord with the fitness of things, as if the seasons of the soul were in tune with the seasons of the year. It is more than beautiful; it unites faith with life, linking the fresh buds of returning spring with the ancient poetries and pieties of the human heart. It finds in Nature, with its woven hymns of night and day, a ritual of faith and hope and prophecy. So run the records of all the ages as far back as we can go into the dim past, as we may read in the oldest memorials of the race which are monuments of the faith of man in the victory of the soul over death.

There is no death in nature; there is only living and living again. Everywhere in the natural world death makes for life. There would be no life if there were no death, for death is the friend of life and supports it. We live to die and die to live, like all things else. We can not cease. Death is the miry road back to life again, and it is only by dying daily that we live at all. Nothing in nature dies or is lost, but simply changes its form into new life and beauty. It is so in the higher ranges of life as it ascends and unfolds. Life is the creed-maker; as in the Tolstoy story of War and Peace, when the Prince was asked the basis of his faith in immortality, he said: "Not argument, but life and death have convinced me."

No one need be told that the whole world has always believed in a future life, but this faith has rarely been a source of joy. Often, as in India, where the future life has been treated for ages as the most irrefragable truth, it has been a fact not of hope, but of horror. There is no joy in those far-extending transmigrations, and it is no wonder that the soul cries out for some one to redeem it from the Wheel of Destiny which makes life a tread-mill. The Greek faith began at a low level and rose to a calm outlook, but it did not attain to joy. From a land of dreary shadow it ascended, at last, to the great surmise of Euripides: "O what if life, the present life, were death; and death were living?" It found final expression in the faith of Socrates, less shadowy and founded on moral sanctions, but it knew no joy, no open window of divine surprise, no triumphant song.

Galilee was not far from Athens, only a short sail over a soft sea—yet what worlds away! Socrates taught faith in God and the immutable duty of doing right. So did Jesus, but in a different atmosphere and with a profounder and more confident accent. Jesus did not argue about a future life. Never once did he speak of man as otherwise than immortal. He made man aware of God, of the soul, and of their eternal life together. When he spoke life seemed to drop its veil and disclose its high and endless destiny. With him eternal life is here, the kingdom of heaven is within, and the sky begins at the top of the ground. In his thought the eternal life is not something added

to this life, but a quality of life which turns hope into happiness and faith into a shout of victory.

No wonder the poets of the early Church called Easter "the Joyful Sunday," joy being the distinctive note of the Christian faith. Turn to the old Greek Anthology and read its pathetic epitaphs for those long dead, its wistful tenderness, its beseeching yearning, and then open the Gospels—and how different is the tone, how much deeper the faith! What amazed the men of the pagan world when they heard the disciples of Christ preach was not that they taught a life to come, but that they looked forward to it with joy. Walter Pater, in "Marius the Epicurean," has recovered for us the mood of surprise and wonder of that day, in his description of Cornelius, a soldier of the Twelfth Legion, by his pagan friend:

"With all the severity of Cornelius there was at the same time a breeze of hopefulness—as of a new morning—about him."

Such was the air of Easter morning blowing through that hard old pagan world. Men might think the story of Jesus a fable, but that morning joy they could neither define nor resist. No argument availed against it. Doubt was driven away like a mist, and the birds began to sing in hearts long tuneless. It was infectious with the subtle sweet grace of things sacramental, awakening new faiths and hopes, and dreams long dead. So long as the Church lived in that morning radiance nothing could stay its march. When, at a later time, it lost its glad confident note, its sacred accent of assurance, the glory of dawn faded into the light of common day.

To-day one rarely meets a man of joyous and victorious hope. There are a few who have it, having kept the light of the dawn amid the illusions of the world, and how refreshing they are! For the most part, though, the men of our day only balance probabilities, with alternating hopes and fears, when they do not put the whole matter aside as beyond their ken. So, no doubt, it is with many of us, after the fresh unquestioning faith of youth has grown dim. We believe—then we doubt, or deny—and then we believe again, for different and deeper reasons. Some hold their early faith to the end. Others lose that faith and never regain it; while those who are brave and wise find that their first faith returns, renewed, amid the maturities and serenities of later years.

This, at least, has been my own experience in the few years of my life. Time was when heaven seemed all about me as real as earth and sky. Then it seemed to withdraw into a remote and dreamy distance, leaving this mortal life of ours "pent up in the kingdoms of pity and death." After a time it returned, slowly but surely, and to-day the eternal life of the soul is so sure that it amounts, practically, to knowledge. All the intellectual difficulties remain, but they have ceased to be doubts. There is here no pretense of vision or ecstasy, but only the record, for what it is worth, of an experience in which the great assurance gathers and grows with the years. Such an assurance, however, is worth little to others unless it can in some measure justify and give an account of itself. Let me give some reasons, any one of which is ample for me, though not all of them together can express my quietness and confidence.

My first reason is God. As for man his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he fadeth. The wind passes over it and it is gone. At the end, as at the beginning, our hope is in God, and that is enough. Without God immortality is a horror of desolation. With Him, it is an opening vista of hope and joy. There is a way of living with God, in God, for God, which settles all questions in the world and beyond. Job learned in the desert that after his body had turned to dust, he would see God. That truth is open to us. Jesus lived to teach us how we may know that our lives are eternal. He revealed what God is, what He thinks of man, how He cares even for the wayside flower and for a bird that falls in the wilderness. He has shown us the Father whose love is deeper than life, deeper than death.

My second reason is Jesus. Had it not been for his victory over death his Sermon on the Mount would hardly have been heard by us. No one would have had the heart to tell his story, or if it had found record it would have been one more tale of a man who died, defeated, for a dream. If the accounts do not agree, that is the best evidence of their authenticity. Fiction has harmony.

> "Methinks in this God speaks,
> No tinker has such powers."

If on the third day after you had laid a wife, or child, or friend in the grave, some one should tell you that your loved one had been seen alive, what would you do? Whatever wild wish might leap into your heart, you would first make sure of the fact! The disciples of Jesus were men and women with minds like our own. They saw him die the long, slow death of the cross, tortured, pierced at last. They took his body down and laid it in the tomb. Could a mere rumor convince those who looked upon that ghastly scene that Jesus was alive again? It is unthinkable.

My third reason is the Soul. Years ago it was my sad duty to go and offer a brief prayer over the grave of a poor human wreck who had died by his own hand. Through the long winding avenues of a great city of the dead we rode, four blue-coats and myself, till we came to a far corner, where we laid our burden down with a prayer to the God who knoweth all. Near by in the weeds, we found the grave of a baby. The earth was still fresh over the little sleeper, and the mother had set out a sprig of "Live-forever" at the head. No man uttered a word, but our eyes were tender and dreamy when we turned away. There we had learned something deeper than the pathos of a babe born in a city slum to sleep in the potter's field. No logic, no learning, prompted that mother to plant that flower. It was done at the bidding of the heart, in obedience to the profound intuition of the soul, and for me her artless act had a deeper meaning than the logic of Plato.

My fourth reason is the Moral Order. In one of his sonnets Longfellow tells of being at Newport News, after the Civil War, and while there he saw a nameless grave with this inscription: "A Union Soldier, Mustered Out." That was all, and the poet added: "Here was a man who gave his all, his life, his name, that the Union might live." He gave all, with no hope of gain for himself, at the behest of duty, for an ideal. That in the soul which faces death, and

defies it, in behalf of truth and the moral ideal, attests its victory over death. It proclaims the soul as eternal as the moral order which obtains in it. Nay, more, it bespeaks a welcome home for all the brave and beautiful spirits who have ascended from the moral battlefields of time.

My last reason is Religion. For me the witness of the religious experience of the centuries is overwhelming. Those mighty spirits—souls of light and flame and beauty—by their experience of immortal things, reveal the immortal life. Either all the apostles, martyrs, saints, and mystics were mad, "with an incredible coincidence and collaboration of delusion," or—the thing is simply true! Here we may find reason to doubt all our doubts in the name of sanity and right reason. Here is disclosed the depths of the soul, its bright valor, and the fine issues to which it ascends by the grace of him who brought life and immortality to light. These are they who, waking early, run forward to the heights and see the dawning of the eternal morning.

All this, and much else too deep for words, is gathered up into the music of the Joyful Sunday. For it was Jesus who unveiled the greatness of the soul and its kinship with God. He it was who trusted the great intuitions of the race and found them trustworthy. He, of all the sons of time, revealed the abiding beauty of the moral values of human life. What heroic fidelity was in his life and death! What unveilings of religious reality are in his words that pierce the night like stars, and light up the dark places of mortality! Every instinct of the soul, every moral insight, every religious experience, every prophecy of life itself, confirms the words:

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?
He is not here, but is risen."

The Return to Christ

O Master, from the darkening words
And endless strife of men,
We turn our hearts in eager quest
And come to thee again.

We love thy sweet simplicity,
Thy tender smile of grace;
We love thy gentle flow of speech,
Thy loving longing face.

We love the healing of thy touch,
The magic of thy name;
We love the flashing of thine eye,
Thy hate of sin and shame.

We worship, and our vision clears,
And mists and clouds depart;
We see through thee the open heaven
And God the heart's own Heart.

Oliver Huckel.

The Immortal Life

From the Autobiography of Mary A. Livermore

IT does not seem to me incredible that we shall live on after death. I am lost in wonder over the fact that we have been born into life, and are here to-day. If our existence were not an accomplished fact, but a matter of prediction—a mere prophecy only—we might misbelieve that. It would seem too utterly impossible. Follow me, if you can, in a most insupposable journey outside the gate of life, where there waits a disembodied, unborn baby soul in the chilly void and darkness. Suppose an angel from heaven should visit that unclothed, tiny soul, that unlighted spark of more than Promethean fire, and predict the future:

"You are to be born into life. You are to be clothed with a body so wonderful in its complicated mechanism that after it has been studied by the most scientific men for tens of thousands of years, it will hold its secrets. You are to be born into the arms of a mother who is waiting for you with a love that surpasses all love, save that of the Infinite God. A father is ready to overshadow you with his protecting care, and to interpose his affection as a shield between you and all harm. Little brothers and sisters will leap up with joy at your coming, and will welcome you with kisses, and caresses, and childish gifts. You shall be lapped in affection. You shall be encompassed with love and care which it is not possible to overstate. You shall grow, and develop eyes that shall acquaint you with the varied forms of nature, and feet that will carry you on a perpetual pilgrimage of pleasure, amid flowers and playmates and childish joys.

"Then the time will come when you shall be put to school, for mental instruction. All the lore of the past will be at your service. Science will conduct you through its wonderland. Music will translate you to a heaven of spiritual joy. All who have ever lived and wrought in the past, from Moses to Washington, shall be your teachers, and what they have accomplished shall enter into your mental furnishing. At last you shall enter the dual life of wedded love, and know the bliss of parenthood. Little children shall nestle in your heart and wind their arms about your neck, and you shall know the divineness of earthly fatherhood and motherhood. This new experience will give you a broader development, and you will learn to pity your brothers and sisters less fortunate than yourself. You will love them, and seek to help them. You will forget yourself, and will ask for their comfort and education. You will swear hostility to the wickedness of the world, and you will work for its extirpation. You will be able to do all things that will help bring in a better world, a larger life, a nobler civilization."

How incredible such a prediction would seem! Who would dare believe it?

But, dear friends, we are here! To many of us this forecast has become a reality. Others have traveled a long way on the path that I have sketched. All have passed through infancy and childhood, and on many rests the glamour of youth. As for myself, standing now at the foot of the hill of life, with the

dusty way that I have come stretching far behind me, and the low gateway confronting me which opens outward once more for every human being, but never inward, I stand with my arms outstretched to the future with this pledge upon my lips:

"After my experience of life, which has been packed with marvels, and has taught me what is highest and best and most enduring, I will believe Thee, O God, though Thy promise of the future may seem impossible. The life that I have lived I feel to be preparatory, and prophetic of one greater, now out of sight."

A Celestial Collect

Convoking a Few Unaddressed Easter Prayers from Human Hearts

Charles A. Alden

IN "The Prairie" Cooper lets us listen to the warrior-chief, Hard Heart, as he says: "The Master of life does not open His hand to take away His gifts again. When He wants His young men, He calls them and they go. But the red-skin He has once breathed on lives forever."

"We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it," said Martineau, "but we forever try to prove it because we believe it."

"Man is God-haunted," says Haywood. "The first work that he did with his hands was to erect an altar where he kindled his fires to the Unseen, and the first work of his brain was to plan a temple wherein to find communion with his Deities. Often he would lay down his stone hatchet or his battle-club to look over the far horizon, a wistful wonder welling in his heart and a strange haunting sense of Unseen Presence about him.

> " 'He seemed to hear a heavenly Friend,
> And through thick walls to apprehend
> A Labor working to an end.' "

But the mind of the Occident is perhaps less mystic, perhaps more pragmatic, in spite of all our recent devotions to the ouija board. The actual return of material bodies to their native dust compels the recognition of something to be carried forward as a balance of the human that neither came from dust nor ever seeks the dust again. Thus in our modern Easter we are placing more emphasis on immortality as a fundamental implication of the universal Fatherhood of God, without which there could be no resurrection of the body, or any use for it if it could be resurrected.

"A new dawn breaks with the sweet glory of spring, the music of bird-song, the fragrance of lilies, and as the light comes into Joseph's garden troubled women find an empty tomb and a white messenger with a word never spoken in any other of mankind's innumerable tombs—this word, 'He is not here.' " So writes Dr. Arthur Pierce Vaugh, in the *Expositor*, and he continues:

"Not here. But in every clime, in every zone, the dead are permanent, unchanging tenants of their narrow houses. In Nara tombs, the fine dust of myth-clouded emperors, the gods of old Japan. In Ceylon, Buddha's heart wastes in its jeweled urn. By the Nile, pitch-swathed Pharaohs lie in imperishable sleep. Above Cuzco the sun worshipers rest on their mountain top as centuries pass. The dead are here! Only in Joseph's garden a tomb is empty and an angel, saying, 'He is not here.' And, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' This is the certain faith of the believer; this is the great hope of Easter morning."

But the life that knows no death, that is undying, immortal, is the absolute essential to the minor incident of a resurrected body. In all the funeral ceremonies of all the centuries, we never yet have buried a single man or woman. With tender hands we lower to rest the quondam habitation. It was their body whom we loved. When they can no longer use it or determine what shall be done with it, we act as their proxies. But it was never anything but "the earthly house of this tabernacle," and even before it begins to "dissolve" we know that "the spirit has returned to God who gave it."

Dr. Lee S. McCollester penned an Easter message that said: "Comrade: I salute you as an immortal, traveling already the Way Eternal, and my Easter wish is that we may be as strong and cheery in our faith as were those other Immortals who, while they walked the ways temporal, bore brave witness to the Way Eternal." But that was also Plato's strain, when he said: "The soul of each of us is an immortal spirit and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions." And Cicero wrote: "I feel a conscious conviction that this active comprehensive principle (myself) can not possibly be of a mortal nature. I consider this world as a place Nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my home, but leaving an inn to go to a permanent residence."

We stop at Eastertide, or when bereavement enters our own circle, to think upon realities, and of our own we know, in the fiber of our being, more than philosophies from without can tell us, of the continuity of contacts once made that can never be eliminated. Paul said that "neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate."

Longfellow inscribed this note as to the advent of that experience named death, thus:

> "Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
> A shadow on those features fair and thin,
> And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
> Two angels issued, where but one went in."

This differs very little from those other familiar words of Longfellow:

> "There is no death! What seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."

It is the same high note of human understanding that one hears from Victor Hugo, saying: "Winter is

on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end of life the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world that invites me. It is marvelous, but simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, song—I have tried them all. But I feel that I have not said one thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I can not say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. Death is but the changing of garments. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

He who faces life's swift changes and, bending of necessity before the blows of some, yet sways anew, without ever thinking what he does, to the upright of his normal way, will face the ferry with that serene confidence that knows not the slightest tremor, save it be of glad anticipation. Fear death! What, I, a child of God, fear death! Why, death is but a minion servant of my Father. He is a footman on the vehicle of time. He rides behind o'er all the road; but his only duty is to open the door of my royal carriage when I get home. Pain and suffering, the companions of my journey, he drives clattering to their stable; but I am ushered in to the warm embrace of my Father's outstretched arms.

"I swear I think there is nothing but immortality," sang Walt Whitman, continuing with some detail thus: "That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous is for it, and the cohering is for it! And all preparation is for it, and identity is for it, and life and death are altogether for it." While Whittier sang the same in these lines:

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees:
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of death,
And Love can never lose its own."

Love not only fulfils the law of life, but is life. Yet that which was not immortal could not be and do that which love is and does. Its items crowd that wonderful thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, when we learn aright that love, not charity, is its theme. The inspiration of immortality is not the language of another sphere, but our Father's native tongue in all His realms. It is not a foreign language, nor a dead one. The women going from the garden of Joseph of Arimathea carry the vocabulary of the infinite, which even with our fleshly diffidence of tongue is still adequate to help us walk the road, transport the burdens of life, and win its greatest of victories, which makes death look like a pigmy, not mastering men, but itself a stepping stone whereby man climbs and enters to his own.

Another, whose name I have not been able to find, found voice on an Easter anniversary, in lines that run as follows:

"My risen Lord! I feel thy strong protection,
I see thee stand among the graves to-day;
I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,
I hear thee say,
"And all my burdens I have carried sadly,
Grow light as blossoms on an April spray;
My cross becomes a staff; I journey gladly
This Easter day."

The undying, whence we came, throbs within our inmost soul. The word "immortality" is but another term for God's own smile. Man made the word as a filial child's reply. It is but an echo of the Father's tone. In religion, without regard to sect, we speak a living Christ, though his physical presence none of us ever saw, whose material lineaments none can describe. In politics we conjure with the names of Lincoln and of Jefferson, striving with each other to prove their presence in our modern policies. We dig the names of material things with which to pay our tribute from life that now claims ancestry in that with which these were associated. In this strain, the *Congregationalist* gave us a poem by Allan Eastman Cross, which incorporated the message of Pastor Robinson that "the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." The lines are these:

"More light shall break from out Thy Word
For Pilgrim followers of the Gleam,
Till, led by Thy free spirit, Lord,
We see and share the Pilgrim dream!

"What mighty hopes are in our care,
What holy dreams of Brotherhood;
God of our fathers, help us dare
Their passion for the Common Good!

"Wild roars the blast, the storm is high!
Above the storm are shining still
The lights by which we live and die;
Our peace is ever in Thy will.

"The ancient stars, the ancient faith,
Defend us till our voyage is done—
Across the floods of fear and death
The Mayflower still is sailing on."

If then the past be thus enshrined in our present vitality, and we poor humans will not let the generations die, shall we turn our faces to whate'er future there may be with wild alarm, lest God should miss some stroke in the divine reckoning and let us drift away? Nay, rather let us turn and say with Whittier, again:

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I can not drift
Beyond His love and care."

Or in words perhaps no less familiar, you recall the closing lines of Thanatopsis, where another message, itself immortal, seems to give us Bryant's very voice:

"So live that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

There came to me, two years or so ago, a new experience in a funeral service. I had long since learned of immortality. In the days of a wearier past, both in the hospital and at home, at different times I had heard the fatal verdict from physicians' lips. I had looked death in the face and seen a smile behind the grimness of his countenance. I had gone through the agony of parting, with all that means, and had come out into the confidence that my Father loved my loved ones more than I could, and would not cease to care for them because I was not with them. And yet this was to me a new experience. I had been called to a home where I knew no one, and where I had advice of no church connection. I had come, as I always come to such a time, glad for the message which our Church possesses for the hour. But I was to feel, as never before, the presence of the soul passed on. For out of this other room, as I entered, came a woman with a paper in her hand. Her eyes were wet with friendly neighbor's tears and her voice was slightly choked, as she handed me the paper and said: "This was her favorite poem and she wants it read to-day." Many times since have I used the lines on similar occasions. I always have the sense of the presence by my side of that woman whom I never knew, and whose profession was of deeds, not creeds. And the eyes of those that listen seem always to be speaking back to her their gratitude:

"Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,
Where, in spite of all you can do,
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but through?
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene
Till the night of your fear is gone;
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,
When He says to your soul, 'Go on.'

"And His hand will lead you through—clear through—
Ere the watery walls roll down.
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch,
No mightiest sea can drown;
The tossing billows may rear their crests,
Their foam at your feet may break,
But over their bed you shall walk dry shod
In the path that your Lord shall make.

"In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,
You shall see but the Lord alone,
When He leads you on from the place of the sea
To a land that you have not known.
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,
You shall be no more afraid;
You shall sing His praise in a better place,
A place that His hand has made."

The New Light on Immortality*

THE discovery that law is the process of life is the revelation of the sanity of the universe. The nineteenth century proved the coherence of matter and the uniformity of physical process. It may well be that the twentieth century will prove the reality of spirit and the unity of spiritual life. If such should be the case our greatest indebtedness would be to those whom we had ignored or ridiculed while they were toiling for us.

It was a beautiful though belated tribute when Wilbur Wright flew across the Potomac in Professor Langley's heavier-than-air machine. It could not make reparation for the contemporary ridicule that killed the Fulton of aeronautics. When physicists and chemists like Lodge and Crookes undertook to study phenomena hitherto exploited by charlatans or played with by dilletantes their more charitable associates excused it as harmless eccentricity, while others declared it could only be due to mental aberration or premature senility.

Nevertheless these men and their associates and successors have been voyaging upon uncharted seas whose far horizons are shrouded from human eyes. If among their number there should be a Columbus of the Soul, it would revolutionize thought and reconstruct society.

Out of a vivid consciousness of all this, Dr. Randall has written "The New Light on Immortality." He would be the first to disclaim the making of a great book, but great books are like great mountains—to look at, not to live with. He has written a greatly useful book for the multitudes of thoughtful men and women for whom the old simplicities of faith no longer suffice. Consciously or unconsciously he has suggested the possible parallel between the religious reaction from Evolution and Psychic Research. A generation ago multitudes of devout folks believed Darwin to be anti-Christ. Now we are beginning to understand how enormously the God of the Universe exceeds the celestial mechanic of the creation stories. There are implications of our present psychic knowledge that seem like prophetic foregleams of the day when faith shall be fulfilled in sight.

It was the reading of an advance copy of the book that led to a request that Dr. Randall write a leading article for this Easter *Leader*, that should summarize, so far as possible, the constructive suggestions of the book itself. Of course the article does not attempt to recapitulate the fine *resume* of the work of Maeterlinck the poet, James the philosopher, Lodge the scientist, and Hyslop the psychologist.

Dr. Randall's closing paragraph may be quoted as an expression of the spirit and significance of the entire book.

"If this could be our attitude, if we could accustom ourselves to think of death, not as the enemy who takes us out of life, but as one of the great, perhaps the greatest, adventures in life—an adventure that must help to further dispel life's mysteries as we know them here, and solve life's deepest problems, then indeed it would be possible for us all to

" 'Greet the Unseen with a cheer.' "

H. M.

*The New Light on Immortality; or, The Significance of Psychic Research. By John Herman Randall. Price, $1.75. For sale by the Universalist Publishing House.

SANE PACIFISM

A Comeback

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I venture to make a few observations in response to your request, with reference to certain recent editorials, for a "come-back."

I am a pacifist, that is, I believe in keeping the peace with my neighbor—if possible. I believe in using persuasion rather than force in protecting my rights. If this does not secure results, I prefer appealing to the courts rather than to my own fists or the policeman's club.

But if I am a pacifist I want to be a sane pacifist. If my neighbor mistreats a small child in my presence and I look the other way, or fold my hands and say: "I am opposed to getting into trouble with any one," I am not a pacifist, but a miserable, contemptible coward.

If I am night-watchman in a shoe-factory and discover my neighbor loading several cases of shoes into a waiting truck, and I fail to make an attempt, calling upon the police, if necessary, to assist me, to prevent it, comforting myself meanwhile with the thought that I am a peaceable man and do not like to quarrel with my neighbors, I am not a pacifist, I am a partner in crime.

If I find my neighbor has diphtheria, or is operating a house of ill fame, or is polluting a stream from which the community gets its water supply, and he refuses to be influenced by any efforts of mine to persuade him of his duty, and if I then do not make it my business to make trouble for him, calling out the whole armed forces of the community if need be, to enforce regard for the rights and safety of his fellow citizens, I can not take refuge in the thought that I believe in personal liberty and in pacifism. At the very least I am a fool.

There has been a great deal of muddle-headed thinking and talking about peace and pacifism in a way to do violence to the teachings of the Prince of Peace who yet could say, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." Many people flatter themselves that they are entitled to receive the blessings promised to peace-makers, when, as a matter of fact, they are not peace-makers, but merely peace-*seekers*, unwilling, themselves, to have trouble with the criminal individual or the criminal nation, but entirely willing to let some one else protect them in time of need. This type of pacifism is merely pure unadulterated selfishness, growing out of the desire to shirk one's share of the burden of making life possible and tolerable for oneself and one's neighbor. Moreover, I frankly question the sincerity of those alleged "pacifists" who in the name of "conscientious objectors" violently opposed our entering the war against Germany, when Germany was devastating Belgium and France, but now loudly shriek for us to run the risk of plunging into war with England to compel England to stop ill-treating Ireland.

Armies do not create wars, in spite of frequent statements to the contrary. It is impossible to cite a single instance in the history of this country where our Regular Army caused a war. As I can testify from personal knowledge, the great majority of Regular Army officers and enlisted men are opposed to war. They know too well what it costs. But while war remains a possibility, they refuse to stultify themselves by the notion that the way to meet trouble is to be unprepared for it, or to run away from it, or to shift the burden upon some one else. The ideal of the army is and always has been service to the nation—expressed as well and as often in the building of a canal, in the policing of San Francisco after the earthquake, or in the saving of life and property after a Galveston flood, as in waging war.

We shall get rid of wars precisely in proportion as we are able to get rid of the causes of war. These causes of war are always to be found in the ideas, customs and habits of the people. Something may be done, of course, by a possible League of Nations or an Association of Nations, by an agreement for the reduction of armaments, by negotiating treaties of arbitration and the like; but the only complete remedy is in changing the ideals of the people and in promoting their moral renewal and development. When we change our power and pleasure ideal to a service and human development ideal, with social good-will and international solidarity as an end and aim, when we develop a thoroughly civilized political organization, a completely humanized industrial organization and an educational program which is intelligently designed to make better citizens, with the service ideal of life as an actuating motive for all, we shall be approaching the end of wars.

Arthur W. Grose.

Washington, D. C.

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THE KING'S BELL

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"
An old man said;
"A perfect day for us can never be
Till we are dead."

The young king heard him, and he turned away
In earnest thought.
Did men ne'er find on earth the perfect day
For which they sought?

A day all free from care?—so running o'er
With life's delight
That there seemed room or wish for nothing more
From dawn to night?

"It *must* be that such days have come to man,"
The young king said.
"Go search—find one who found them—if you can!"
Ah, wise gray head!

"I trust that some time such a day will come
To even me,"
The king said. But the old man's lips were dumb,
A doubter he.

"That you and those about you all may know
My perfect day,
A bell shall ring out when the sun is low,
And men shall say—

"Behold! this day has been unto the king
A day replete
With happiness. It lacked not anything—
A day most sweet."

In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw
A mighty bell,
The tidings of a day without a flaw
Some time to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower.
Days came and went.
Each summer brought its sunshine and its flower,
Its old content;

But not the happy day he hoped to see.
"But soon or late
The day of days," he said, "will come to me.
I trust—and wait."

The years, like leaves upon a restless stream,
Were swept away,
And in the king's dark hair began to gleam
Bright threads of gray.

Men, passing by, looked upward to the bell,
And smiling said,
"Delay not of the happy time to tell
Till we are dead."

But they grew old and died. And silent still
The great bell hung;
And the good king, bowed down with age, fell ill
His cares among.

At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his room
He slowly crept
Up rattling tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,
While watchers slept.

Above the city broke the great bell's voice,
Silent so long.
"Behold the king's most happy day! Rejoice!"
It told the throng.

Filled with strange awe, the long night passed away.
At morn men said,
"At last the king has found his happy day—
The king is dead!"

Eben E. Rexford.

* * *

UNIVERSALIST BOOKS NEEDED

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In my reading I have noticed from time to time what appeared to be a deliberate slight, snub is not too strong a word, for the Universalist denomination. In writings upon denominational subjects I have seen our Church passed over again and again as of no account whatever.

I am reminded of this afresh on reading "Progressive Religious Thought in America," by John W. Buckham. We have reasons to think that our preachers have had something to do with this progress, but in this book, admirable in many ways, John Murray is not mentioned and Hosea Ballou is passed over with one sentence not meant to be complimentary. The Treatise on the Atonement Professor Buckham does not consider worth mentioning.

One of the preachers the writer chooses to extol, and rightly, is Dr. Gordon, and he praises him for his universalism with a small u. But he takes pains to follow this praise with words unappreciative of Universalism spelled with a capital. One passage in this same chapter a Universalist reads with amazement.

"In all the vast literature of Christian theology since Paul," the writer says, "the thinker has yet to be found who has had the insight and the faith—should we not say courage?—to rest the conviction of universal redemption so simply, completely, and yet with so rational a basis, upon the Fatherhood of God."

Courage! If it takes courage to-day to be a universalist, with a small u, what were the requirements for those who were real Universalists in the days of Murray and Ballou, yes, in days nearer the present time than theirs?

And what can be done about this lack of recognition? Of course there would be no gain in making a demand. It is possible, though, for us to take such steps as to command. Our Crusade may help us. But beyond that I believe we would be helped by a more extended literature. Our best preachers have not written enough. Some of our men with great minds and great hearts have gone on to the future and left no writings. Some of our living men who might put telling words on paper are apparently unconcerned.

It seems as if there might come out from our Zion at least one book a year with a vital message for the world. Abundant as is the theological and religious literature of to-day, there is still a place for Universalist books.

Frank W. Whippen.

Kingston, N. H.

* * *

EXPERIENCE AND EXPERIMENT

THE inspiring reports coming from the opening of the Western Denominational Headquarters in Chicago are of especial interest to all who look either forward or backward or perhaps both. And as usually happens in moments of exaltation they do not lack the customary note of humor, or shall we call it pathos? As an example the name of Rev. John S. Cantwell, D. D., was but a little time ago one not to be shorn of its prominence or its dignity. Now it appears as Rev. J. L. Cantwell, and we are reminded of Bryan, when in one of his lectures he casually remarked, though at one of the high points, "That was the year I also ran." A less humorous way of putting it might be found in the Biblical statement, "They knew not Joseph."

Well, Progress spends little time weeping at the tombs of the past. This is moreover perfectly natural and right. We would quickly lose faith in Progress were he to dally long in the cemetery.

But the *Leader* reminds us that "there are two things by which the world makes progress: experience, and experiment." And this is heart beat of this comment.

Experience reminds us that we once had denominational interests and appointments in Chicago, that were without doubt as important in their day as the new experiment is in this day of awakening.

And those interests were permitted to lag and die, largely because Universalism, in a day not far past, could not see that *all* of its interests are but *one* interest. The hand may not say to the eye "I have no need of thee."

It is to be hoped that we will learn the lesson from experience and realize what is the really new or important thing in the experiment and that it will be new or important only as Boston and Chicago are spelled in small letters and the UNIVERSALIST CHURCH spelled in capital letters of comradeship and Christian activity.

X.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Hotel Man

I HAVE a friend who owneth a Large Hotel. And he wrote an Epistle unto me, saying, When thou comest unto this Burg, let no man beguile thee of thy wealth. Come thou to mine Hotel, and eat that which is good, and it shall not cost thee One Red Cent.

Now I had occasion to visit that City, and he met with me an Automobile, and took me to his Hotel, and gave unto me a Swell Room with a Bath, and fed me with feasting. And we had a fine Breakfast, and a Lunch that was Some Lunch.

But when we came to Dinner, behold, he was weary. And we looked over the Bill of Fare, and nothing looked good unto him.

And I said, I will have a Planked Whitefish.

And he said, Nay; I have been trying to get a Chef who could plank an Whitefish as it should be done; try something else.

And I said, I will have Canvasback Duck.

And he said, I saw those ducks when they came in, and they looked none too good to me; they were the best I could get, but I would try something else.

And thus he spake of everything I proposed.

And then he said, Come, let us get out of this mob. I know a nice little Chop-house. Let us run over there and get a good Beefsteak.

And I said, Not on thy life. There is no Chop-house that can put up such eats as I have here. I intend to eat this Whole Bill of Fare.

And he blessed me, and he said, Our food is good, and this is the best Hotel within a circle of Five Hundred Miles, and I know it. But I get so weary knowing what goes into everything and the process by which things are done, that I get tired.

And I said unto him, Oh, my friend, thou art not the only pebble on the beach. What thou sayest is true of all men when they come to know the seamy side of their own job.

And he said, It can not be so with thee.

And I said, It is even so. I know too well what goeth into my homiletic Soup-kettle. And I know that when I roast people from the Pulpit it is often Overdone and Scorched.

And I said, Come, let us eat this Food, for it seemeth to me this is One Good Square Meal.

And he said, You can just bet that meal you are eating is All Wool and a Yard Wide.

And it was Some Meal.

A YEAR OF PROGRESS FOR THE BOSTON UNIVERSALIST SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

Anne Elizabeth Kirkland, Secretary

During its five regular monthly meetings this year, the Boston Universalist Sabbath School Union has shown itself to be as active an organization as any of those working for the spread of Universalism among our various churches. Attendance has been large, despite distance or weather; the programs have been worked out by the Meetings Committee to show how "Art and Decoration," "Music and Poetry," "Stereopticon and Moving Pictures," and also the "Opening Exercises" could be used in the best way to help teach the Bible lessons and great moral truths to the young boys and girls.

At the last meeting of the Union, in February, 140 people were present for supper, including delegations from Arlington, Brookline, Cambridge, Chelsea, Charlestown, Everett, Grove Hall, Jamaica Plain, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Somerville, Winter Hill, West Somerville, as well as the Roxbury church itself where the meeting was held.

At the directors' meeting plans were discussed for the remaining three meetings of the year. Action was taken upon the recommendations presented by the Missions Committee at the previous meetings as follows:

That the Union pay for the support of a training class established at the Bethany Union with the object of eventually starting a Sunday school in Boston.

That the South Boston Universalist Church be opened for six weeks the coming summer as a Daily Vacation Bible School.

That, if financially possible, a Daily Vacation Bible School also be started in East Boston.

It was also voted that it should be the expressed sense of the meeting that the South Boston church should be retained as a church. A communication was read showing that the bequest of the Knight will had been received and turned over to the treasurer.

During the same time as the directors' meeting, an Institute was held for all workers interested in plasticine work and exhibits. This was in charge of teachers from Arlington and Melrose who explained their method in utilizing this work to teach the children in the Kindergarten, Primary, and Junior grades the Bible lessons.

The program at 8 o'clock was on the opening services of the Sunday school session, and was in charge of Mr. Victor A. Friend. He explained the purpose of the opening session as important in impressing on the young mind the religious atmosphere of quiet, serious devotion. Mr. Friend said it was essential to have some central thought around which the hymns, scripture reading and talk by the superintendent should take form, that such a central thought should be big enough and fine enough to remain stamped in the youth's minds through the week. Then followed a program such as Mr. Friend believed to be the ideal kind—chorus singing, the learning of new songs under a song leader, scripture reading by Miss Bell, vocal solos, a poem, and a short story containing a moral lesson, and the announcements for the week. The program certainly was well conceived and arranged, and contained much of value for other workers.

Plans as partially formulated for the three remaining meetings of the year include programs on "The Easter Concert" and "Story Telling" as well as the annual meeting. In March, the West Somerville church entertains and the program will be a sample Easter Concert such as any of the schools might use in their own Easter plans. The Institute is to be in the hands of some speaker qualified to give an inspirational Lenten talk to the teachers. In April, the Union goes to Jamaica Plain where the evening will be used in showing the various kinds of stories that can be used with the best results in each of the grades, and just how these stories may be most tellingly presented to the young minds during the various years. For this month, the Institute will be a departmental one where the audience will be divided into groups according to the different departments—Kindergar-

ten, Primary, Junior, etc.—each group under a trained leader whose special work is regularly that particular department. It may also be said that special care is to be taken with the senior or adult group. In May comes the annual meeting at the Cambridge First Church, where the business meeting will take up the entire time between the supper and the program, which is to be an inspirational address on "Child Insurance" by Rev. Lester L. Lewis of Melrose.

It is the purpose of the Union to help the individual schools in every way it can, to give financial aid if necessary, and to offer inspiration and encouragement to all teachers. Few people, comparatively, seem to appreciate that the future Universalist Church is being built in character and in ideals right now in the Sunday school rooms. Is *your* school doing its best for the young people of your parish? If not, what is to become of your church, when you no longer can work for it?

* * *

OVER

Yes, Bethel, Maine, went over the top in securing subscribers for the *Universalist Leader*. "Hew was it done?" Simply this: A list of all the families that belong to the parish either directly or indirectly (except those who were already subscribers) was sent to the office of the *Leader*, with the request that sample copies be sent to those families, and the sample copies were sent. It had been announced from the pulpit that these sample copies were coming, and that the pastor hoped that the people would look the paper over, read it and see what an excellent family paper it is, with something good for old and young, and that it also enables the people to know what our Universalist churches, Sunday schools and the Young People's Union are doing in the state and nation for the betterment of the conditions of every day life.

After waiting about two weeks, to give the people an opportunity to read and digest the contents of the *Leader*, and realize all the good things which would come into the home through its influence, a second announcement was made from the pulpit, inviting all those who had received the *Leader* and would like to subscribe for it to give their names to the pastor and the paper would come to them. There was no "house to house" canvass, but the subscriptions came in, day after day, till we had gone over the top and the list of our subscribers was multiplied by three, and subscriptions are still coming in.

This is the explanation of "how it was done."

J. H. Little.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

MARCH 27—THE LIVING CHRIST

Matthew 28 : 1-20

The First of Days

As we, in America, designate the presiding hostess of the White House as "the first lady of the land," so is Sunday the first day of the week. As she holds that title because of the election of her husband to the office of President, so in the religious thought of the land Sunday becomes the specially titled day because of our election of the Christ as our Commander-in-Chief. But since we elect a President only for a limited term that title referred to changes hands frequently. However, if we elect the Christ at all it is for life, not for a few years, and therefore this day, honored in our thought and practise because of Christ and what he made it typify, can never be dispossessed of its importance in this world. It is not the seventh day, that we should celebrate the conclusion of the week, or make our worship center in things past, but the first, a preparation for the days that lie just ahead. It is the *first* day, therefore in it put *first* things *first*, not last. Keep it "holy." Not that it may be different from other days, but that the holiness of it and its keeping shall permeate all the six that follow. The Christ made it typify the victory over death. In it we should clean-up on death and deadly things. Life should come forth from the material tombs in which we have overwhelmed and buried it.

The Stone That Was Moved

The women coming to the tomb talked (so Mark tells us) of how they could move that stone. Even when we are prepared to do our own part we frequently forget to give God credit for being ready to do His part. It is significant, however, that, not knowing how they were going to handle the stone, they did not stop. They kept right on. Many times the command comes, as to Israel, to "Go forward" when that seems impossible. But God is not vanquished by obstacles that seem to us insurmountable. He can use even an earthquake if He needs one.

Angels of the Lord are often using what we call obstacles for seats, if we could only get our eyes open to see them. Angels are always hovering with the Christ thought—at his birth—at his resurrection—at his second advent in the hearts of men. Angels are never far-distant from them who follow him closely. Your heart need not be bound by death, or any deadly thing, for if you walk with him you also associate with his angels, radiant and pure, a cheerful, gloom-dispelling company.

The Message of Emptiness

Material things are important only as vehicles of the spirit, soul instruments. Because we so easily submit to the mental habit it is essential to our spiritual equilibrium that we be reminded of relative values. The empty tomb speaks this message emphatically. The empty tomb holds our thought but an instant when we know the living Christ. He speaks to men by the occupancy of a cradle, then later by the emptiness of the tomb. To those who would put life on some permanent basis it might be suggestive of the order thus established. The occupancy precedes the message of emptiness. There was an emptiness that preceded the occupancy, but it was without voice and interpretation, unreadable. Spiritual nature also abhors a vacuum. The followers of Christ should erect the occupying, constructive cradle of the way of life, before they expect or preach the victory of spiritual life from an empty tomb. Denunciation and repression don't get very far. Let the light shine in the darkness. Then you shall be able to say that nothing material can overcome it or long restrain it.

Don't Worry about God

It is remarkable how often the cheerful "Fear not" sounds out in the Bible, just as God is going to do something in His own way. Most humans approaching a tomb, and the stone, would want to bring a derrick nowadays, or at least a half a dozen men with crow-bars. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor my ways your ways, saith the Lord of Hosts." Sometimes when we are "set" in our ways, we are "set" against the Lord of Hosts. He can provide an angel and a vision where men come only to mourn and prepare a corpse.

If you do not find the Christ, it is sometimes because you come looking for a dead Christ. If you do not find him where human understanding feels sure he ought to be, that does not mean that you may not find him a little later and in a much more important way. "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid."

A New Way to Leave the Tomb

The fact of Easter and your vision of it impose on you, a Christian, a real obligation. Leave no tomb with listless step, overcome by grief. Run. For there is a message that has been entrusted to you. Run. It is a message sent by "special delivery." Run. This is to typify life, and speed, and importance. They who meet the crisis of this obligation seldom realize themselves how the hearts of their neighbors are concerned to see how they bear it. But the Christ is near you on the road when thus you run. He forbids fear, but not joy. "Go tell my brethren." Who are they? Let him answer. "They who do the will of my Father." Yet the only ones he could have meant are the same ordinary folks that just recently fled and left him alone. What a marvel of love! Do we ever know the attitude of his life and the spirit of it?

Going the Other Way

While these run with joy, those official watchers go back to report. His enemies are unconvinced. The foes of righteousness always meet the situation with a lie. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

Believers and Doubters

They who honestly doubt must be handled with love, though that is not often the way we handle those who take exception to our views. But there are many who profess doubt to escape the obligations of belief. They never think of getting behind the stone, they never plant an evergreen at the grave. They never produce any consolation for an aching heart. Believers must not stop their own work on account of doubters of either class, else Easter with all its glory shall be unknown to men.

A Universal Gospel

The Christ who made death look small, and whose life conquers the germ of death, shall not be an unsuccessful Christ. His truth of the universal Fatherhood of God is the inevitable religion of to-morrow. "Go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, their own sonship, and the Spirit of the Whole." World rule has ever been the dream of the militarists from Alexander's time to Wilhelm's. Christ's way is to make disciples—learners—of them. Compare now the scene of temptation with this commission. The spirit of evil said then: Worship me and I'll give you the world. Even after death, Christ denies the evil method of getting the world. How closely temptation ever follows our own dream, the thing we want to do and be. It seems always to suggest an easier way of arriving. But Christ ever denies Satan. The right can not win by surrender, but force is not needed.

Perpetual Comradeship

In life, through death, into life that knows no death, do we travel with a sure guide, who knows the road. An end may come to every material thing, but he and we will still be "carrying on" together. The heavens and the earth may pass away, but his word (his expressed thought) will not pass away.

* * *

NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

What Is Christianity?

It is difficult to frame an answer which will satisfy all classes of Christians. Still the mind must ask the question, and Christianity should be able to give a satisfactory answer after nineteen centuries. Would it be too bold to say that Christianity is the practise of the Golden Rule—Do unto others as you would have others do unto you? Our Lord said in the Sermon on the Mount that we should ask and seek and knock, for our heavenly Father was more willing than earthly fathers to give good things to them that ask Him. "Therefore," he said, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so do ye also unto them," and he was not content with the "therefore," but he added to the rule, "for this is the law and the prophets." Seek for yourselves the best and highest things your heavenly Father is willing to give—make the most of yourselves as He would have you do—but then be sure to seek the best and highest things for all others as well. . . . We know also that the only solution of all our problems, the only cure for all our troubles, is Christ's Golden Rule. When capital shall seek its highest and best as gifts from our heavenly Father, and shall seek the same for labor; when labor shall seek its highest and best as gifts from our heavenly Father, and shall seek the same for capital; when each shall do to the other as it would have the other do to it, then all the people will be blessed by the double seeking and the double giving, and only then will the whole community be satisfied. . . . So with each of us. The individual following of Christ in the individual practise of his Golden Rule is the only way to quicken public opinion to the same practical Christianity. . . . Let us, each one of us, practise now and here Christ's Golden Rule, for this is Christianity. (*Prof. Ferdinand S. Schenck, in the Intelligencer.*)

This Is Catholic

Scientists now have less reason for denying the unity of the human race than they did in former times; in fact the present school of evolutionists are inclined to hold that all life—human, animal and plant alike—owes its origin to a single living cell. We may not be prepared to admit this, but we have a right to claim that those who teach it can not find fault with us for claiming one common parent for us all. (*Very Rev. Joseph D. Mitchell, V. G., in Truth.*)

Live Pastors or Dying Churches

In times like these many a thinking Baptist is facing a dilemma. Earnestly desiring to stand for Baptist principles, he yet longs to see a more complete union of evangelical Christianity. He sees in an over-churched town the little Baptist church which can not secure a live, magnetic pastor, and consequently has over it a pastor of another kind who leads a lost cause. He asks, "Does this condition show wisdom and foresight?" Some of our churches are letting down the bars of principle through a careless leadership, and this is regrettable. On the other hand, in a community where the choice is whether to "support" several half-dead churches or to maintain one wide-awake organization, could not one be a better Christian, yea, a better Baptist, in an amalgamated church? . . . Long live our Baptist heritage! Yet that heritage is but part of the kingdom. (*Editorial from a subscriber, E. Harwood Neal, published as a "prize winner" by the Baptist.*)

The Community Call

There is a decided tendency among awakened farmers and villagers to ignore the outside denominational machinery and unite with their Christian neighbors to give the community a real church. In the west, in both the United States and Canada, this movement is strong. The time has come to urge the importance of giving recognition to these (community) churches through either the Federal Council or through the denominational agencies themselves. It is sinful to hold denominational loyalty so taut that thousands of small communities can have no working church with the support of connectional affiliations because sectarian lines forbid neighboring Christians to work and worship together. (*Editorial in the Christian Century.*)

The World Call

The co-operation at the home base of the missionary movement is, of course, only a faint reflection of the co-operation and unity that has developed in the foreign field. There stronger influences for unity have been at work than in any other phase of the churches' life. The task of Christianizing the world has been seen to be so overwhelming as to be impossible of achievement by a divided Church. Moreover, the denominational differences that seem important when we are among Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists fade into insignificance when we are surrounded by Mohammedans, Buddhists, Hindus, Shintoists and Animists. Then we realize that as Christians—whatever our sectarian names—we all hold in common the things that give us a gospel for the saving of the world. The foreign field is leading the way. Can the churches at home keep pace? (*Editorial in the Christian Century.*)

* * *

FOUR YEARS OF DIRT

A resident of New York, who was visiting one of the new oil fields of Texas, came across a small youngster playing in the dooryard of a disgracefully dirty and dilapidated house. The child, scarcely recognizable as such because of a very generous application of Texas soil, answered his salutation with a grin.

"How old are you?" asked the New Yorker.

"Four."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man. "I didn't know any one could get so dirty in four years!"—*Youth's Companion.*

NOTHING IS LOST

The Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.

Nothing is lost:
The loose leaf tossed
To earth to perish there,
Is bright with nature's dying smile,
Gives back to earth its heart, awhile
Its fragrance to the air.

Nothing is lost:
The sea is crossed
To find fair worlds again,
Where music's borne on every breeze,
And sunlight shining through the trees
Falls like a golden rain.

Nothing is lost:
The earth embossed
By witchery of spring,
Through breathless summer hours has made,
With fingers deft to tint and shade,
Its autumn coloring.

Nothing is lost:
The night may cost
An agony of fears;
But soon its weary watching ends,
The dawning of the morning sends
The sunshine through our tears.

Nothing is lost:
There comes across
The ages as they flee,
The judgment sounded once again,
That naught is lost, and naught is vain,
In God's economy.

* *

THE ROSE BEYOND THE WALL

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
And it followed the light through the crevice's length,
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive—
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore;
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forevermore.

A. L. Frink.

TWO DOORS

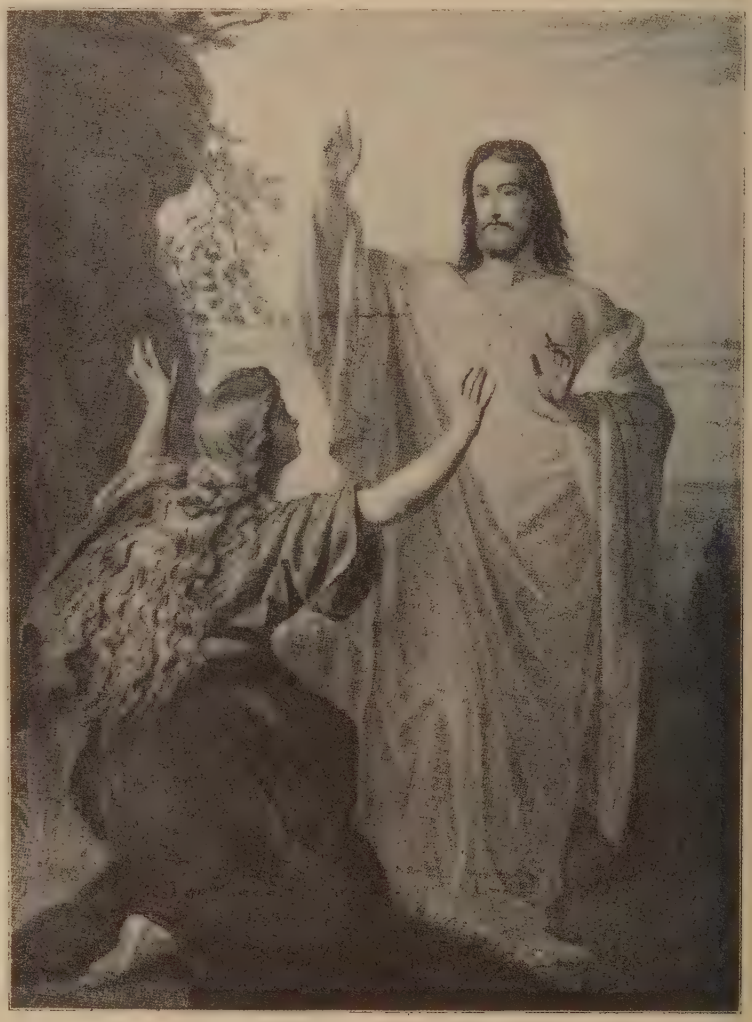
Nellie E. Swain

Easter is the golden door
That opens into Spring,
When gay flowers bloom, and hearts are light,
And birds sweet carols sing.

So Death is but the silver door
Through which we enter Heaven,
Where dear home faces welcome us
And perfect peace is given.

But still the robins sing on in the rain,
Not waiting for the morning sun to break,
Nor listening for the violets to wake,
Nor fearing lest the snow may fall again.

My heart sings with the robins in the rain,
For I remember it is Easter morn,
And love and life and peace are all new-born,
And joy has triumphed over loss and pain.



Plockhorst

EASTER MORNING

ON A GLOOMY EASTER

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The longed-for spring is hushed so drearily
That hungry lips cry often wearily,
"Oh, if the blessed sun would shine again!"

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The misty world lies waiting for the dawn;
The wind sighs at my window and is gone,
And in the silence come old throbs of pain.

Sing on, brave robins, sing on in the rain!
You know behind the clouds the sun must shine,
You know that death means only life divine,
And all our losses turn to heavenly gain.

I lie and listen to you in the rain.
Better than Easter bells that do not cease
Your message from the heart of God's great peace,
And to His arms I turn and sleep again.

Alice Freeman Palmer.

THEY SOFTLY WALK

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace;
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands,
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
To softly walk by day
Within our thought, to tread
At night our dream-led paths
Of sleep.

They live a life again,
And shall live through the years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful,
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality.

Hugh Robert Orr.

* *

EVENTIDE

O shadow in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep,
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost,
The twilight vigil brings;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

Charlotte Mellen Packard.

Plockhorst

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS

They are not lost who find
The sunset gate the goal
Of all the weary years.
Not lost are they that reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God.

They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed

* *

THE MOTHER OF AN ANGEL

Our God in heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God and heaven.
Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love; we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall.
She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.
We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels, flitting to and fro,
Pause, smiling, as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

Selected.

* *

AFTER SONG

Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day,
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

Richard Watson Gilder.

* *

BELIEVE, O FRIEND

Impossible, you say, that man survives
The grave—that there are other lives?
More strange, O friend, that we should ever rise
Out of the dark to walk below these skies.
Once having risen into life and light,
We need not wonder at our deathless flight.

Life is the unbelievable; but now
That this Incredible has taught us how,
We can believe the all-imagining Power
That breathed the Cosmos forth as a golden flower,
Had potence in His breath
To plan us new surprises beyond death—
New spaces and new goals
For the adventure of ascending souls.

Be brave, O heart, be brave:
It is not strange that man survives the grave:
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed
Than that he ever vaulted from the void.

Edwin Markham.

Home and Children

THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN'

ONCE there was a boy that was dreadful scaret o' dyin'. Some folks is that way, you know; they ain't never done it to know how it feels, and they're scaret. And this boy was that way. He wa'n't very rugged, his health was sort o' slim, and mebbe that made him think about sech things more. 'T any rate, he was terr'ble scaret o' dyin'. 'T was a long time ago this was—the times when posies and creaturs could talk so's folks could know what they was sayin'.

And one day, as this boy, his name was Reuben—I forget his other name—as Reuben was settin' under a tree, an ellum tree, cryin', he heerd a little bit of a voice—not squeaky, you know, but small and thin and soft like—and he see 't was a posy talkin'. 'T was one o' them posies they call Benjamins, with three-cornered whitey blowths with a mite o' pink on 'em, and it talked in a kind o' pinky white voice, and it says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?"

And he says, "'Cause I'm scaret o' dyin'," says he; "I'm dreadful scaret o' dyin'."

Well, what do you think? That posy jest laughed—the most cur'us little pinky-white laugh 't was—and it says, the Benjamin says, "Dyin'! Scaret o' dyin'? Why, I die myself every single year o' my life."

"Die yourself!" says Reuben. "You're foolin'; you're alive this minute."

"'Course I be," says the Benjamin, "but that's neither here nor there—I've died every year sence I can remember."

"Don't it hurt?" says the boy.

"No, it don't," says the posy; "it's real nice. You see, you get kind o' tired a-holdin' up your head and lookin' peart and wide-awake, and tired o' the sun shinin' so hot, and the winds blowin' you to pieces, and the bees a-takin' your honey. So it's nice to feel sleepy and kind o' hang your head down, and get sleepier and sleepier, and then find you're droppin' off. Then you wake up jest 't the nicest time o' year, and come up and look 'round, and—why, I like to die, I do."

But someways that didn't help Reuben much as you'd think. "I ain't a posy," he thinks to himself, "and mebbe I wouldn't come up."

Well, another time he was settin' on a stone in the lower pastur', cryin' again, and he heerd another cur'us little voice. 'T wa'n't like the posy's voice, but 't was a little, woolly, soft, fuzzy voice, and he see 't was a caterpillar a-talkin' to him. And the caterpillar says, in his fuzzy little voice, he says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?"

And the boy, he says, "I'm powerful scaret o' dyin', that's why," he says.

And that fuzzy caterpillar, he laughed. "Dyin'!" he says. "I'm lottin' on dyin' myself. All my fam-'ly," he says, "die every once in a while, and when they wake up they're jest splendid—got wings, and fly about, and live on honey and things. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything!" he says. "I'm lottin' on it."

But somehow that didn't chirk up Reuben much. "I ain't a caterpillar," he says, "and mebbe I wouldn't wake up at all."

Well, there was lots o' other things talked to that boy, and tried to help him—trees and posies and grass and crawlin' things, that was allers a-dyin' and livin', and livin' and dyin'. Reuben thought it didn't help him any, but I guess it did a little mite, for he couldn't help thinkin' o' what they every one on 'em said. But he was scaret all the same.

And one summer he begun to fail up faster and faster, and he got so tired he couldn't hardly hold his head up, but he was scaret all the same. And one day he was layin' on the bed, and lookin' out o' the east winder, and the sun kep' a-shinin' in his eyes till he shet 'em up, and he fell asleep. He had a real good nap, and when he woke up he went out to take a walk.

And he begun to think o' what the posies and trees and creaturs had said about dyin', and how they laughed at his bein' scaret at it, and he says to himself, "Why, someways I don't feel so scaret to-day, but I s'pose I be."

And jest then what do you think he done? Why he met a Angel. He'd never seed one afore, but he knowed it right off.

And the Angel says, "Ain't you happy, little boy?"

And Reuben says, "Well, I would be, only I'm so dreadful scaret o' dyin'. It must be terr'ble cur'us," he says, "to be dead."

And the Angel says, "Why, you be dead." And he was.

From "Story-Tell Lib," by Annie Trumbull Slosson.

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SYMBOL

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
  Wove on a doubtful loom,—
Until there comes, each showery spring,
  A cherry-tree in bloom;
And Christ, who died upon a tree
  That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me,
  In blossoms, everywhere.

David Morton.

* * *

THE EASTER MESSAGE

What then does Easter Day mean? Boys and girls of Ohio and Georgia and Connecticut, and of all the forty-five other states that spangle our banner—so far away from that empty Judean tomb, yet so near to him who broke its seal—what will Easter, the heart of springtime, mean to you, deep down in your heart, this very Easter Day?

The first message of Easter is the *vitality of Truth.* Truth can not be quelled or killed. It is independent of the human thinker. We can not create or destroy the Truth. It is. It transcends time and creation. Before Abraham was, Truth is. Easter, visibly showing that positive life conquers negative death, proclaims the basic creed that Truth has been, is and ever will be so. Am I getting beyond you—you, whose brows are knitted as you face the old world, the world that is ever new? Am I juggling with words? Explain it this way to yourself: In the theater the scenic artist employs distance to complete his illusion. You must not go too near. You must beware of familiarity! That lovely landscape is just painted canvas and netting. That mellow distance rests on nothing but dusty lumber. With Truth it is all the other way. The nearer you get the better. Come and see, taste and see, handle and see—these are Truth's invitations. Before even we learn the creed of our religion let us grasp the creed on which all creeds repose—that you can not get behind Truth nor will it ever disappoint you. The nearer the fairer; the nearer the clearer; the nearer the dearer. The trustworthiness of Truth is the creed behind all creeds. That is the first trumpet call of Easter.

"It fortifies my soul to know
  That, though I perish, Truth is so."

Again, our Easter disciples will quickly discern a certain glistening purity in the season, urging them toward *moral renovation.* Consider the Easter lily and be ennobled. I defy you to pluck that saffron crocus in the garden and not feel the chaste charm of springtime. Can you stand on the margin of the woodland, alive to the awakening of spring, and not experience an ecstasy, a standing out from yourself, filled with long, long thoughts of destiny and daring that you would be half abashed to confess? Yes, Easter puts spring into the conscience. A throbbing desire for whatsoever things are true and of good report fills these dingy hearts of ours. For, after all, they are dingy. Perhaps it is owing to our very devotion to routine and duty that somehow we rub the glistening sheen from human life. It ought to be such fun, and yet what a succession of chores we make of it! Then comes Easter, with its central conquering Figure resplendent in the garden, putting to shame our dingy dutifulness as well as our shoddy second-rateness. All of us, the good and the indifferent, need this Easter tonic of the new start, the new method, the new view. To the good Easter says: "Cheer up, love God and do as you please." And to the rest of us who are discontented with our winter life Easter calls: "Awake! Look forward, and not back! Doff the old ways, don the shining armor of the new day." The central moral message of Easter, I am sure, is this: Be not dingy and dowdy in your dutifulness, but live with a smile and a cheer; or, as an ancient seer expressed it, "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing."

This putting on of shining moral armor, this starting out anew, suggests a third message of Easter to the modern girl and boy. It is the message of the *necessity of newness.* Now, some people interpret Easter newness as simply newness of clothes. There is a certain moral value in new clothes. They encourage self-respect. And sometimes we can change our mind when we change our clothes. This far, then, changes of raiment serve a useful turn. The boy who wears a bright new tie or the girl pleased with her nice new hat on Easter morning is behaving naturally. Neatness is laudable. Trigness is a little compliment that we pay society. But listen to this, the dictum of a keen observer, the head of a large department store: "Easter is a distinctly selfish period. At that time nearly every one who enters my store is bent on some purchase for his or her personal use. On the other hand, at Christmas all is changed. Every purchaser is pretty certain to have in view one or two gifts that he can make."

Easter a selfish season? How comes it so? If we give presents to friends and the needy at Christmas time because of the Big Present once lovingly given to the world, shall we celebrate Easter, the feast when that Gift was made ours forever, by merely decorating ourselves and making presents to ourselves? For repentance we are enjoined to rend our heart and not our garment. For grateful praise, not new clothing but renewed character will be the proper medium. Try not to let the innocent symbolism of a bit of finery degenerate into the selfish slavery of clothes. It is wide of the mark of the season's message. Easter withers in the oppressive vacuum of selfishness. But the sunny freshness of altruism makes it blossom with meaning.

Easter is the heart of springtime. Let it prove the gate for us into a fresher and freer realm. Believe more fundamentally, live more brightly, share more readily. The beauty and the lilt of spring are divine suggestions to us children of men to rise from our dead selves to higher things. Behold and listen! With untutored praise the birds and the flowers about us seem to celebrate our Easter Day. They offer all their gayety and all their gladness. Shall our springtime spirit be less fresh and less complete than theirs?—*Samuel S. Drury, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
  The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
  Because I stoop,
  And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
  The buds of next May.
  I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my foot."

"You think I am dead,"
  The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
  But under the ground
  I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot
  Should the spring of the year
  Come dancing here—
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
  A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
  I never have died,
  But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
  You will see me again—
  I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

Edith M. Thomas.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

REPORT FROM GREENSBORO

Dear Mrs. Wilkins:

I have the great happiness to report to you, and through you to your Board, the complete organization of a Universalist church! I made the organization on Sunday morning, Feb. 27. There are twenty-five charter members. I baptized six. There may be one or two yet who will enter as charter members.

In the organization C. O. Burton is moderator, L. S. Winslow clerk, J. E. Williams treasurer, and these together with Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Baldwin constitute the standing committee. Mr. F. G. Baldwin and Mr. O. E. Eckardt were elected deacons. And, last of all, Rev. R. S. Kellerman was elected pastor. I administered the communion and gave them all the right hand of fellowship. Thus we fulfilled the entire essentials—the organization into a body, the election of a pastor, and we exemplified the ordinances of public worship, baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the right hand of fellowship. The members were so happy to become a church that every vote was unanimous and there was not a single discordant voice.

This has been accomplished within a few months. I preached once in August last, once in September, and since the third Sunday in November I have preached regularly in the evening of every Sunday. From the start I had the united support of Mr. F. G. Baldwin and family (old time parishioners in Blanchester, Ohio), and Mr. J. E. Williams and family, formerly members at Kinston, N. C., and very soon we were whole-heartedly supported by families who were formerly Unitarians.

The success of finding friends and attracting them to our services has been due in the largest part to my friend and parishioner, Mr. F. G. Baldwin, who has conducted an active campaign of advertising in the daily press, who has constantly advised with me and steadily supported me in every effort in my movement. His work has been appreciated by us all. And in the election of officers he was not only made a member of the standing committee, but he was also elected as first deacon. Now our work has properly just begun.

Every one realizes that the battle to grow and become a large and influential church is before us. While we have had organization for financial matters, we will now make more specific provisions for our finances, and for other matters as well. There is already a Mission Circle, which has been reported. We must have a Sunday school. We are under the great handicap of finding no place for our meetings other than a large theater. In time we hope this can be remedied.

Our people are all mindful of the assistance rendered and still being rendered by our Board to meet our expenses. We hope you will not desert us now when our battle has just begun. Greensboro is the Gate-City to the South, and we have been advertising in a press that circulates not only in the city, but also in both Carolinas especially, and also farther South. We are therefore sowing Universalist seed broadcast through the South. And it is our conviction that a strong church in Greensboro makes it vastly easier to organize other Universalist churches. This movement is therefore pivotal.

I shall be glad to reply to any questions that you and the Board may ask. And above all things I solicit a personal visit from you that you may be your own judge of our attainments here already and of the opportunity there is before us.

Respectfully submitting this report, I am

Sincerely yours,

R. S. Kellerman.

Durham, N. C.

Sunday School Search Lights

(The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

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* NOTES MNEMONIC (3. March *
* 19.) Remember that every parish *
* ought to supply its share of stu- *
* dents for our theological schools. *
* Many promising young people sim- *
* ply need suggestion and encourage- *
* ment. We have a new pamphlet *
* by Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, D. D., *
* which will be furnished in any quanti- *
* ties free of charge. *

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A RACE EXTRAORDINARY

Rochester challenged. Attleboro accepted. These two great schools, with wide-awake officers and enthusiastic scholars, are in the midst of a most intense and interesting effort. For the six weeks of Lent, they are engaged in an attendance contest that is keeping everybody on tiptoe. We expect to give a detailed account of this experiment later on, with the thought that other schools may like to imitate.

The first Sunday of the contest came the great blizzard. Attleboro, having an average attendance of 220, mustered on that day of impassable (?) drifts 189 heroic members. Rochester, which had had a fair day, offered, in the spirit of good sport, to disregard the loss, but Attleboro, also in the spirit of good sport, would accept no concessions.

Everybody is excited and everybody is happy. Rah for Rochester! At-a-boy, Attleboro!

* *

LOS ANGELES IS IN MOTION

A letter from Mr. E. Earl Crandall, for twelve years superintendent at Los Angeles, contains some good news and a good suggestion.

1. The News. During the last quarter our attendance has run from 83 to 101, so that during this period we have gained practically the 100 per cent which we started out to accomplish in the early fall upon first learning of the proposed Murray Crusade.

2. The Suggestion. We created the position of Murray Crusade Director and elected Mr. Ralph G. Jacoby, recently assistant superintendent of St. Paul's, Chicago. We then commenced the issuance of a weekly mimeographed leaflet, which we called the Sunday School Bulletin and made the organ of the drive, and which contained pithy, pungent sayings, reports, announcements, and exhortations. These Bulletins were distributed in Sunday school and also were mailed to certain ones who were absent or whom we desired to reach.

3. More News. The result of this activity in the Sunday school has spread to the Y. P. C. U. and to the church body itself, and Welcome Committees are being appointed. The affiliated bodies of the church have appointed their own Murray Crusade directors and the outlook never was as splendid as it is at the present time.

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MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY

Our Bridgeport, Conn., Sunday school has a basketball team in the Inter-Church League—and it is a winner. And our West Somerville, Mass., school has a team that is known as the "Ivory Soap Aggregation." The name has been given by opponents because they find our boys clean in their playing. We would like to know of other athletic organizations in our schools.

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LOOKING AHEAD AT LIVERMORE FALLS

Another good idea comes from the Pine Tree State, this one from Livermore Falls. Mr. J. A. Mersereau, the wide-awake superintendent, feels that the younger members of the school should be drilled in the art of leading, so that in coming years they will be prepared to accept positions of responsibility. Accordingly he has appointed, on different Sundays, bright young men or women to take charge of the school. The plan is received with enthusiasm by the young people and is working out wonderfully well. When (many years hence let us hope) Mr. Mersereau needs a successor, there will be no dearth of material in Livermore Falls.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

March 18, Somerville, Mass., First Church.

March 23, Bridgeport, Conn.

April 2-3, New England Get-Together, Lawrence, Mass.

April 9-10, Illinois State Rally, Chicago.

April 17, Elgin, Tex.

April 24, Ponta, Tex.

May 1-2, Denver, Colo.

May 3-10, Kansas and Missouri points as arranged by Southwestern Superintendent.

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THREE MORE IN NEW YORK

The Empire State steps into the front rank this week with three additions to the ranks of the Senior Union: Edwards, Whitesville and Cicero have been organized, the first by the State President, Miss Helene Ulrich, and the others during the Director's visit.

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OVER A COAL MINE

Dr. McGlauflin has some astonishing stories of what has happened in Scranton when some of the mine tunnels have caved in, letting the surface of the ground, and the buildings erected thereon, sink several feet. Since last Sunday I begin to believe some of them, for one of the streets in another part of town sank three feet that day. But while the foundations of things mundane may not be firmly laid in Scranton the foundation of things spiritual, at least in the John Raymond Memorial Church, is being wisely and strongly placed.

Sunday, Feb. 27, was observed as Young People's Day, and in the morning service Dr. McGlauflin occupied a pew until it was time to ask for a special collection. He just could not keep out of the pulpit then! And no one who has ever heard him ask in his inimitable way would want him to refrain.

The president of the local Union presided; the devotional service was conducted by the president of the State Union, who lives in Scranton, the soloist, the rest of the choir and the ushers were members of the Union, and one of the novel and valuable features of the service was that, instead of one "long prayer," nine members of the Union seated in various parts of the church, pulpit, choir and congregation, offered sentence prayers. The sermon was given by the Director of Young People's Work.

In the evening a reception and supper brought together the members of the Union and a few others. Dr. McGlauflin presided as toastmaster and there were table talks by three of the Scranton Unioners, by the Director, and then by two or three of the older people of the church whose hearts are still young. It was a good observance of Young People's Day.

ACROSS THE EMPIRE STATE

The established lines of travel across New York run east and west, but on the last trip there it fell to my lot to cross the state north or south four times.

After the visit to Troy, already reported, and the Sunday in Scranton, I visited Binghamton, Gloversville, and Fort Plain, made a call in Little Falls, ate a church supper in Hornell, preached in Whitesville and helped to organize a Union there and another in Cicero, and visited in Lockport, where a small Y. P. C. U. decided to take a new lease on life, and keep at work. Each of these places deserves a paragraph, at least, to itself, but contributors to the *Leader* are under the limitations of time and space, so a sentence or two is all that is allowable.

In Binghamton, Mr. Petty had just made a great impression with a sermon on "Why I Am a Universalist," preached as one of a series in another church in the city, a sermon which was given generous space in the papers. The Junior Union here is doing excellent work, and the church is looking ahead to the time in the near future when the Senior work can be reorganized. Gloversville has one of the smallest Unions in the country, but the faithful few are determined to make it a success.

A feature of the social life of the Fort Plain church is a monthly parish supper, and it was after this that I spoke to a company of nearly two hundred people. Rev. H. F. Moulton has won a large place for himself and his church in the life of the whole community. Before I went there some one remarked that every one in Fort Plain went to the Universalist Church. There will be a Union here before long.

Rev. H. M. Cary at Little Falls is looking forward to the time when he and other Mohawk Valley ministers can reach out into all the hill country round about with the message of our faith, for which the seed was sown by Father Stacey and others a century ago. There was another church supper at Hornell, where Rev. Hnrry Wright is beginning his pastorate, and it proved to be another occasion for sowing the seed of Y. P. C. U. organization.

Whitesville is looking for a minister. This is the church where Dr. McGlauflin began his ministerial career. Some one chanced to remark that they couldn't now afford the kind of minister they wanted, but Mr. Anson Richmond, in whose home I was entertained, answered, "Well, if we can't afford to get a Buick, we'd better get a Ford."

And speaking of Fords, they are one of the essentials of life in Whitesville. Nothing else would go through the mud. On my last visit, I was nearly shipwrecked in a snowdrift; this time it was the mud that almost kept me a prisoner. It was so bad that the machine wouldn't even run down hill on high. But it took me to Wellsville just in time to catch the train.

Lockport is looking forward to a great celebration on April 10, when the General Superintendent will speak at the service during which the old mortgage will be burned.

Cicero was the last place visited in New York, and is the latest addition to the ranks of the Union. Julia Tobey is minister here and at Central Square, and with her assistance, the Union will go forwnrd to useful service in a church where, because there are almost no children, and only an evening service, a Sunday school has so far seemed impracticable.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, March 11.

For the Quiet Hour

For my own part, I have been long convinced that what we call death is a mere incident in life, perhaps scarcely a greater one than the revolution which comes with any new emotion or influx of new knowledge. I am heterodox about sepulchers, and believe that no part of us will ever lie in a grave. I believe that the body of the flesh is a mere husk which drops off at death, while the spiritual body emerges in glorious resurrection at once. I believe in an active human life beyond death as before it, an uninterrupted human life. I believe in no waiting in the grave, and in no vague effluence of spirit in a formless vapor.

Mrs. Browning.

To me, death is no longer dreadful; for me it has lost all its terrors; it is only a brief pain of separation from our beloved. It has grown to be no more to me than when my friend crosses the ocean to the other hemisphere. I miss him dreadfully, the days seem long till the sweet time when I shall again see him; but I know he is there, and never forgets me any more than I forget him, and that presently I shall join him;—the longest time is brief; and it is said, in that beautiful new life our darlings have begun, there is no time; the word means nothing to them any longer.

Celia Thaxter.

Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me; when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision,—God and the Spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual is the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence. I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the I is not an eternal Reality and that the Spiritual is not the true and real part of me. *Tennyson.*

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Our Father, Brooklyn. — The Church of Our Father in particular and the Universalist Church in general are grieved at the sudden death of Dr. J. Russell Taber. Dr. Taber was not only a physician of prominence and success, but also a minister of the Church. He entered the ministerial fellowship in 1886, and held several pastorates, making an impression always for good, the upbuilding of each parish and the creation of Christian character. For many years he has been officially connected with the Church of Our Father, and at the time of his death was president of the board of trustees. The quiet gentleness and impressive nobility of his character, and the big-hearted generosity of the man, made Dr. Taber the beloved friend of all. He was one of the choicest spirits in our midst and leaves a heritage rich in devotion and inspiration. A dozen such men as Dr. Taber make a little kingdom of God on earth. He was one of God's best. His memory is precious. This church on Layman's Sunday had the joy of greeting Mr. Ralph W. E. Hunt, the national president, and of listening to his soul-stirring address. With "the brave old wisdom of sincerity" and in strong, persuasive speech he outlined the work of the Comrades, and called the craft to labor. Possessing a cheer that is contagious and the ability to win, moved by a profound faith in the Christian religion as a means of building the better, Mr. Hunt is an idealist, and a real leader. The Church should felicitate itself upon such leadership, and the men everywhere should fall into line and keep step on the way to "good success." * * **All Souls.**—Dr. Bartlett is working with enthusiasm and wisdom to have a large class enter into church membership on Maundy Thursday. And as he possesses a full-orbed genius for success in convincing nominal Universalists to become real members of the Church, we know what this month has in store for All Souls. On Easter Sunday there will be observance of the holy communion at 8 a. m., thus starting the gladdest day of the Christian year in deep religious thought and attitude. The board of trustees ask for an Easter offering of $3,000, to reduce the debt on the parsonage and to continue the high quality of music. The Metropolitan Alliance on Friday, March 11, had the profit of hearing Miss Mary Garrett Hay speak upon Citizenship. * * **Good Tidings.**—For a number of years this church and the Church of Our Father have united in a Good Friday service. This year the service will be held in Good Tidings, with Dr. Potterton as the preacher. The Ladies' Aid Society cleared $150 at the February entertainment. Dr. Vail will continue his illustrated lectures through March. * * **Chapin Home.**—The annual Home Day, observed March 3, was a happy and prophetic event. The social rooms were thronged with friends, eager to manifest their co-operative interest. Their presence cheered the trustees, a band of faithful women, who, under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Darling, rejoice in the privilege and responsibility of managing the most beautiful Home for the Aged in America. On March 13 Rev. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn preached, and on March 27 Rev. Eliza T. Hosking of Foxboro, Mass., will be the preacher. The Metropolitan Y. P. C. U., Miss Webb, chairman, arranges the services. * * **Divine Paternity.**—When this letter appears in print the great Laymen's Meeting of the Metropolitan District will be history. It must be a dynamic meeting, for that man of tremendous pushability, Ralph W. E. Hunt, will speak and Mr. Richard Billings presides. This service will conclude the Sunday afternoon services that have been largely attended throughout the winter. Upon a recent Sunday, Dr. Newton gave an interesting, intimate word picture of H. G. Wells, whom he knew while tarrying at the City Temple, London, as the American Minister of Good-Will and Friendship. The activities of the parish will be mighty manifest for one week, for thus reads the calendar: March 15, Chapin Home Auxiliary, No. 8, Annual Dramatic Entertainment at the Hotel Plaza ballroom; March 16, Annual Parish Meeting; March 18, Masquerade Party of the Sunday school in the Parish House. And there will be "events" upon the other evenings of the week. * * **Washington Heights.**—The Boy Scout work is proving a great publicity enterprise, since the pastor is getting in touch with many new families through the boys. As Jews, Catholics and various Protestant denominations are represented, the church is becoming known as a factor in the interests of the community. A St. Patrick's night dance and jolly time is planned. The officials are now on the lookout for a church home, and with the co-operation of the Metropolitan Commission, steps are being taken to secure property. The aim is to make the church an Every-day Institution, which can not fail to become of great value to upper Manhattan and the denomination. The pastor preached, Mar. 5, on "President Harding and His Fellow Ohioans—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, and Taft." * * **Mount Vernon.**—President Sloat's principle of never adjourning the annual meeting until the year's quota is raised, resulted in success the middle of February. The ladies, who raise 25 per cent of the entire church quota, began the new year of work with a four days' rummage sale. The Easter sale and dinner is to take place March 17. The Daughters of the Church is a very aggressive body of young women, whose activities are increasing in importance. The chorister, L. Wales Holden, has organized a Junior choir, which participates in the preaching services with the Senior choir. The children have one anthem, in addition to the regular program. The Crusaders, a company of fifty boys, gave an open night and inspection Feb. 25. This is a strong military organization under the leadership of B. G. Gilchrist.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Connecticut Letter

Dr. George E. Huntley, the president of our General Sunday School Association, has visited a number of our churches recently. His helpful conferences with the Sunday school workers have inspired our people to new zeal and devotion. New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, Stamford and Danbury were the parishes visited. * * It is not out of place to call attention again to the next session of our Connecticut Convention. The Convention will be held in Bridgeport, May 11 and 12. It is certainly very much to be hoped that the laymen of our churches, whether delegates or not, attend this our annual gathering in larger numbers than ever before. The men of the Church are needed at the business sessions of our Convention. They should be interested in the business of our Church. One good way to get interested is by attending the Conventions. * * The New Haven Ladies' Aid Society has been unusually active this season. Besides its usual suppers and sales it has presented "The Deestrict Skewl" and "The Peabody Pew" most successfully to large and appreciative audiences. The ladies are busy in recruiting their membership list, as part of the Crusade Campaign. * * Rev. Henry B. Taylor of Meriden is planning to take a party abroad next summer. Mr. Taylor has had a good deal of experience in conducting parties on European trips. The Meriden church has just lost through death one of its loyal and devoted members, Mr. James E. Gay, a deacon of the church, and for many years a faithful worker and regular attendant. Mr. Gay was seventy-two years old. He is survived by his

widow and by two children, Mrs. Sidney Bayle of Canada, and Rev. George A. Gay of Chattanooga, Tenn. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family circle and to the church circle which will miss from its midst the kindly presence of Deacon Gay. On Feb. 22, 1921, in New Haven, a daughter, Dorothy Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Sears. Congratulations are herewith extended to the Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Payson, of Dover, N. H., the proud grandparents. * * The State Y. P. C. U. Convention will be held April 9 and 10 at Norwich. * * Bridgeport reports that thirty-nine new *Leader* subscriptions were secured in the campaign. I wonder if the other parishes in the state have done as well. The more readers of the *Leader* we have in the state the more effective the work of our churches will be. The Bridgeport church has entered a new field of service. Special motion pictures for children are being given at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons. The purpose is to furnish clean and suitable pictures for children and thus fill a need which the local motion picture theaters often fail to meet. An admission fee of ten cents is charged to cover expenses. * * Dr. C. E. Jefferson says: "A minister deserted by his people dies. He dies by inches. No man can preach with sustained fire and hope whose people show by their desultory attendance that public worship is to them one of the incidentals or electives of life. Nothing will so surely take the spring and snap out of a man as speaking on great themes to empty pews. It makes a man prematurely old." We are not to forget that one of the objectives in our campaign is a better church attendance. Are you helping your preacher by being regular in your church attendance?

Theodore A. Fischer.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

April 1-30. W. N. M. A. Membership "April Shower."

April 2-3. New England Y. P. C. U. Get-Together, Lawrence, Mass.

April 9-10. Illinois Y. P. C. U. Rally, St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

May 11. Connecticut State Convention, Bridgeport.

May 18-19. Massachusetts State Convention, Melrose.

June 20-23. Ohio State Convention, Kent.

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	315
Miami City, Ohio	5
Palestine, O.	14
Birmingham, Ala.	2
Total	336

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 42. Brattleboro, Vt., 8. Total, 50.

PERSONAL

The Rev. Otto S. Raspe's new address is 621 Wellington St., Waterloo, Iowa.

Iowa

Mitchellville.—The pastor, Rev. O. G. Colegrove, officiated at the funeral of Mrs. G. W. Tomlinson recently. Every department of the church is doing its regular work. Our men did well Laymen's Sunday morning and evening.

Webster City.—The Universalist Comrades have official letter heads: Frank Bickford, president; E. W. Garth, vice president; and A. F. Jacobs, secretary-treasurer. The pastor, Rev. H. F. Shook, was called to Newton, Iowa, recently to officiate at the funeral of a soldier boy near to him as chaplain.

Osage.—Rev. A. W. Altenbern always keeps in line. "One half the congregation were men, several not regular attendants at any church," is the report for men's day.

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto S. Raspe from Brunswick, Me., began his pastorate here in Russell-Lamson Hotel, Feb. 13. He was given a cordial and appreciative welcome by the largest audience since the church was reorganized.

Maine

Livermore Falls.—Rev. A. A. Blair, pastor. We had a successful Young People's Sunday, and a good Laymen's Sunday, but it remained for the women on Laywomen's Sunday to take full charge of the service, when the program for the day was under the auspices of the Alden Class. The class, sixty-five in number, attended in a body, and the pastor had literally to take a back seat, since no other seat was available. The opening service was taken by Miss Florence Hinds, the Scripture read by Mrs. Laura Waite, the prayer made by Mrs. Julia P. Alden, and Mrs. Alice Gray Teele preached the sermon. A ladies' choir of five members furnished the music.

Biddeford.—Rev. C. H. Temple, pastor. The annual parish meeting was recently held, preceding which an oyster stew was served under the direction of Andrew McCollum. Reports from all departments showed the church to be in sound condition financially. The pastor reported a busy year, having made 1,222 calls. He reviewed his work since coming to Biddeford, spoke of his future work, and thanked all for their loyal and splendid support. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: I. H. Herrick, president; J. E. H. Townsend, first vice-president; Freedom S. Bonny, second vice-president; Melville Woodman, treasurer and custodian of funds; Geo. W. Bridgman, clerk.

Pittsfield.—The reports at the annual parish meeting showed that the year 1920 had been one of achievement. General attendance has increased, and new members have been added in all the departments of the church. For the coming year the church faces financial difficulties, but none so great that they can not be overcome by earnest effort. In the pastor's report he made a plea for the co-operation and aid of the men, not only in a pecuniary way, but by personal work and influence. Since that meeting, things have been progressing most encouragingly. The four local mills which have been closed since last July have been reopened. On Laymen's Sunday three splendid laymen took the service. The general attendance of the men has largely increased. On Feb. 22, the men served a supper to about 250 men, and are now planning to form a Comrades organization.

Massachusetts

Lawrence.—Rev. C. G. Robbins, pastor. The church is in a prosperous condition. The pastor and his family are enjoying the new parsonage purchased last spring. The Men's Club hold a supper and entertainment each month. They have installed a telephone in the church and are responsible for the new church calendar. At the last meeting, the men of the Methuen church were guests and several have become members. The club is rehearsing for a minstrel show. Fifteen men from the club attended the Laymen's Meeting in Buston. The Sunday school has gained twenty-five members this year, and hopes by gaining twenty-five more to make the membership 200 before vacation. A new piano has been placed in the kindergarten. The William E. Gibbs class of young men held a dance, the proceeds of which will help to place a service tablet in the church. The Judith Sargent Murray Class of young women is taking charge of the new Home Department. The pledges made at the annual parish supper and what has been later raised amount to $5,300. The Y. P. C. U. presented two comedies Feb. 10. Special offerings have been taken for Japan and the Doolittle Home, and in the Sunday school for Armenia. The offering on March 6, amounting to $140, will be divided between the European Relief, the Near East Relief and the China Famine Fund. There is an unusually large attendance at our mid-week Lenten services. One of our fine young men, Henry R. Murphy, sailed recently for Turkey, as a member of a Near East

Relief expedition. The Sunday before he left, Mr. Robbins, in behalf of the various organizations and his many friends, presented Mr. Murphy with a purse of money amounting to $140. He taught a class of boys in the Sunday school, and was active in Y. P. C. U. work.

Cambridge, First.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. Unique vesper services are being held during Lent, which have been widely attended not only by Universalists, but by people of other denominations. Every phase of the service is developed to produce a quiet, worshipful atmosphere. The organist and soloists are screened from sight, and the music is of a quiet subdued nature, in keeping with the spirit of the Lenten season. A violin solo by G. Sidney Stanton is one of a collection made by him for use only on such devotional occasions. For these services Mr. Wilson terms his sermon a "meditation." It consists of short inspirational readings and poems, each contributing to the central thought of the subject. A simple hymn played on the organ serves as a link between the sermon and the benediction, after which a soft postlude is played. These services are to be continued until Palm Sunday, when "The Crucifixion," by John Stainer, will be sung by the church choir with assisting soloists.

Attleboro.—Rev. C. H. Pennoyer, pastor. On March 6 we had an attendance at our church school of 418, breaking all previous records by thirty-nine. The Men's Club had seventy-six present. When our contest with the Rochester school is over, we would like to compete with some other church for an attendance record for men. The Murray Men's Club held its annual Ladies' Night March 3, at the home of Harold E. Sweet. About 150 attended, and a fine musical program was given by talent from Boston. Our church is doing good work in the Murray Crusade. On March 6 the minister gave an interesting sermon on the inauguration at Washington, which he attended, making the point that we should take our citizenship more seriously.

Michigan

Farmington.—This parish has recently lost three of its pioneer members. Mrs. Mary E. Sprague, who was in her eighty-sixth year, died Jan. 30. She was the widow of the late Caleb J. Sprague, who was a pillar in our church. On Feb. 18, Mrs. Florence Moore died, in her seventy-fourth year. For fifty years she and her husband, the late Dr. Joseph J. Moore, were lights in our Zion. On Feb. 20, Mrs. Cetella Murray passed, in her sixty-eighth ye For forty years she had been a busy and devoted worker in our church. Her husband, the late Albert A. Murray, had united with her in all good works.

Minnesota

Mt. Pleasant.—We recently enjoyed a visit from the Mid-West Superintendent, Rev. Luther Robinson.

Owatonna.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, a former pastor, was called here to officiate at the funeral of Miss Alice Carpenter, a loyal member. In the evening of the same day he preached in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams to an audience that filled their parlor. The Ladies' Society is active. The property was sold and $16,000 is on interest which will be used for missionary and benevolent work.

New Hampshire

Manchester.—Rev. Arnold S. Yantis, pastor. Under the auspices of the Mothers' Club, a delightful pageant, "Mistress Mary's Flower Garden," was given by the children of the Sunday school March 5. The first act showed a garden plot, where young farmers in overalls and big straw hats were hoeing, raking, and spading, singing as they worked, while little Peter Rabbit hopped about the garden. The second act gave the garden in full bloom, children in bright colored costumes taking the parts of flowers. The singing, acting, and dancing revealed the careful training which the children had received. Following the pageant, the children were entertained by several reels of motion pictures.

New York

Fort Plain.—Rev. H. F. Moulton, pastor. Mr. Moulton has just celebrated his seventh year as minister of the church. No previous minister has served as long as this, and few have had such successes in a pastorate. All the large debts of the church have been paid and 127 have joined the church, and the organization has become one of the most influential institutions in the community under his leadership.

Binghamton.—Rev. Chas. E. Petty, pastor. Since Mr. Petty came to this church on Jan. 1, congregations have been large. The Methodist church has been holding a series of Sunday evening services called "The Congress of Creeds," ministers of the different denominations speaking on the subject "Why I Am What I Am." Mr. Petty spoke at one of these meetings to an audience which filled the church. It was a fine address, and was given much space in the local papers. All organizations are now on a working basis and are carrying on the work with enthusiasm. A local chapter of Universalist Comrades has recently been organized. Rev. Stanley Manning visited us on Feb. 28. He met the Junior Union in the afternoon, and the young people in the evening. We should have a Union here to take the place of the one which disbanded when the members graduated into the larger work of the church.

Ohio

The new Superintendent, Rev. I. V. Lobdell, has won his way to all hearts in Ohio. The new Sunday school full time worker, Rev. Eleanor Bisbee, is proving the biggest factor ever known in the Ohio Sunday school work. The Y. P. C. U. is just launching a state wide visitation in the interest of the young people's work. The W. N. M. A. are well on the way toward the Ohayo Kindergarten.

Palestine.—The annual evangelistic services were only for a week. The former pastor, Rev. W. R. Rowland, came on Monday, Feb. 21, and preached to a large congregation and each evening the number grew. The local "Campbellite" church had advertised Universalism for some time to strangers and also made a run through the public schools giving stereopticon views showing "Hell," "The Devil," "Heaven," and other picturable things. On the closing Sunday there were three services. At the close of the evening service fourteen were received into the church. A large chorus choir furnished the music. It seems that this important circuit of New Madison, Greenville, and Palestine will shortly have a pastor.

New Madison.—Here in the interim of pastors there is great activity in Sunday school lines. Rev. S. W. Bennett, a retired "Christian" minister, teaches in the Sunday school and is a pillar of strength to the cause.

Greenville.—The best Sunday school in years is the report here.

Woodstock.—A week of meetings by the State Superintendent is being put on here, closing March 13.

Conover.—Evangelistic services are soon to be conducted by Rev. J. B. Fosher, the pastor, assisted by the State Superintendent.

Wilmington.—There is no liberal church in Wilmington. Several families of the Cuba church live here. Shortly after Dr. Hunnewell had closed a 1921 revival, the pastor of the Cuba and Blanchester circuit was called to preach a funeral sermon and after the service eleven families asked for literature. There were several desiring membership in the Universalist Church.

Miami City.—Rev. J. B. Fosher, pastor. A series of evangelistic services were held here Feb. 2-20. Rev. I. V. Lobdell preached Feb. 5, 6 and 7, and Dr. Rowland the next three evenings, Mr. Fosher conducting the remainder of the services. The weather was bad all the time and the roads in poor condition, but the people came in large numbers, and manifested the greatest interest ever shown in the church. A Y. P. C. U. organized at the time Dr. Rowland was here, meets Thursday evenings.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—On Sunday, Feb. 27, Rev. Delmar E. Trout gave us his last sermon. The church was filled. Not only the congregation, but the whole town, regret his leaving. Every good wish goes with him to his new pastorate in Springfield, Mass. On March 3, the Ladies' Circle had a covered-dish luncheon, which about fifty attended.

A MEMORIAL TO DR. POWERS

No more fitting memorial could be dedicated to Dr. Levi M. Powers than the gift by his many friends to the Public Library at Haverhill, Mass., of his lectures on Whittier's Land. Prof. James W. Hill was responsible for the excellent project, and within a few hours after his plan was made known the necessary funds had been contributed by generous friends. It was while Dr. Powers was pastor of the Haverhill church that he prepared these lectures, making a special study of the homes of Whittier and gathering slides of places connected with his life. "The Heart of New England," "Homes and Hearths of Whittier," "Homes of Our Fathers," "On the Trail of the Filgrims," "Poets and Story Tellers of New England" and "The Ways of Our Fathers" are the titles of this remarkable selection of lectures, in which the author proved his usefulness to the community not merely as a religious thinker but as an educator. The Haverhill Library is indeed fortunate in the gift of these manuscripts with their accompanying valuable lantern slides.

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MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION—SEASON OF 1921

Opening Day, July 16. The closing of the house falls on Sept. 6. The following tentative program is undergoing adjustment and completion. Effort is being made to have it present its activities so that no conflicts will occur with other institutes in which our people are interested.

Ministers' Institute—July 26 to Aug. 5 inclusive.

Missions—Aug. 8 to 14 inclusive.

Aug. 14 to 21 will cover all the annual meetings. That of the Association falls on Thursday the 18th, the Fair Aug. 19 and 20.

Sunday School—Aug. 23 to 28 inclusive.

Young People—Aug. 31 to Sept. 5 inclusive.

Preaching by prominent ministers of our Church every Sunday morning and evening.

Chapel exercises every morning except Sunday.

Rates will be kept down to the lowest figure consistent with good service. The service will be improved in two respects: a greater variety will be possible in the menus, and the service will be superior to anything we have had. The prices will be the same as last year. For a single person in a room the rates will be from $14 to $18. For two in a room the rates will be $12.25 to $16 per week. Children will be given a special rate, from one half to three quarters.

With the new electric light plant in operation already and the water system also we can give as good service as any house of the kind in the country. We want all Universalists to consider our proposition when planninng a vacation. We shall have our road to the bay completed and much will be done to give our guests a real outing. Further details will be forthcoming, when we know how far we can fulfill our expectations along this line.

We are out to make Murray Grove a real shrine of Universalism and every Universalist may and should be interested in the project. We want 10,000 members. And why not have an auxiliary in every Universalist church? But more in my next.

Yours for a Greater Universalist Church,

Charles E. Petty,
Field Secretary.

* *

AN OPPORTUNITY

Is there a Universalist church that would like to do a real service to another Universalist church? Here in Pensacola, Fla., is the opportunity. We need hymn books, and we should be sincerely grateful for twenty-five or thirty such books, if some church which has purchased new books would send us its old. We will be glad to pay charges. Correspond soon with Albert C. White, pastor of the First Universalist Church, 1202 East Gadsden St., Pensacola, Fla.

* *

ROCKPORT CENTENNIAL

The formation of a Universalist society in the village of Rockport, Mass., on Feb. 27, 1821, and its unbroken chain of service for one hundred years afforded the reason for making Sunday, Feb. 27, 1921, a day long to be remembered by the church and town. A notable program of services was conducted under the direction of the minister, Rev. Frank E. Barton, of whom the historian of the occasion said, "The man who has been with us the longest, and suits us the best; under whom we have settled down, not to stagnation, but to the most active period of our church life."

The observance comprised two orders of service, one for the afternoon, and the other for the evening. The historical address and the ocasional sermon found their fitting places in the first service, prepared and delivered respectively by Rev. Byron G. Russell, who has been identified with the society and town for forty-six years, and Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., Superintendent of the General Convention. Dr. Lowe's theme was "God and Man," and he showed how Jesus served as a two-fold revelation, revealing God to man and man to himself.

The evening service was congratulatory in its nature, with addresses by Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., who as State Superintendent was a friend when the Rockport church was in need, and now is held as a friend indeed; by Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., and by Rev. William H. Rider, D. D. In addition to the names mentioned, Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., Gloucester, Rev. George H. Lewis, Annisquam, Rev. W. W. Campbell and Rev. N. E. Sweezey of the local churches were participants in the several services.

The large congregations present attested the public interest in the occasion and the enthusiasm manifest is prophetic of the continued success which will attend the efforts of these earnest Rockport Universalists. The denomination hails this sturdy youth in its household of faith.

* *

CAMP MURRAY

We want 100 girls at Camp Murray, Northfield, Mass., July, 1921.

Some are already planning to go.

How many are coming from your church?

Miss Rena E. Bradley, Leader, 17 Spruce Street, Springfield, Mass.

* *

Some Worth-while Books

Flame and Shadow. By Sara Teasdale. $1.75.

This flame of beauty lights an altar and illuminates the shadows surrounding us all. Here is an answer to doubt:—

"If I am peaceful, I shall see
Beauty's face continually;
Feeding on her wine and bread
I shall be wholly comforted,
For she can make one day for me
Rich as my lost eternity."

Some one has said that Miss Teasdale's poetry has the quality of timelessness, and might have been written long ago. Perhaps, but be that as it may, we can enjoy music like this—

"Sun-swept beaches with a light wind blowing
From the immense blue circle of the sea,
And the soft thunder where long waves whiten—
These were the same for Sappho as for me.

Two thousand years—much has gone by forever,
Change takes the gods and ships and speech of men—
But here on the beaches that time passes over
The heart aches now and then."

and agree that the latest volume far surpasses the previous ones in fine craftsmanship.

Beauty—and Mary Blair. By Ethel M. Kelley. Colored jacket. $2.00.

Mary Blair, a modern girl of eighteen—and "eighteen plus is being an adult in these days"—tells this audacious story of her philandering parents, careless alike of their actions and their responsibilities, the disintegrating family life—"there is very little class spirit in this family"—and its effect on her sensitive, ardent self, of her wish to be a "good sport" and her unguided search for beauty, leading her to

the very brink of the precipice, but not over. Incidentally we meet her extraordinary sister Stella and brother-in-law, Cosgrove Worthington, also Cosgrove Junior, familiarly known as Squidgins; Ellery, "an ingredient;" Tommy Nevers, a nice boy six weeks out of college and feeling the responsibilities of his first job; the astonishing Webster girls; pretty Prunella and her impossible mother; Carrington Chase, a fake prophet, and Tony Cowles, a shining knight—may his tribe increase!—who protects Mary against herself and others. And she tells it all with such honesty and is so daughterly when Mr. Blair is brought home ill, and so motherly with her "really valuable little brother" Bobby that she captures us, and we rejoice when she finds a safe and happy haven. The book will make parents and children sit up and take notice, and we hope it may do some good.

Pipefuls. By Christopher Morley. $2.00.

The genial knight of the pen who wrote that

"Heaven is not built of country seats,
But little queer suburban streets,"

practises what he preaches, which is more than can be said of most of us. In this book he has woven commonplace, everyday things like moving and safety-pins into delightfully human essays, filled with cheer and humor and a touch of paprikan satire, and just long enough for a pipeful or one's changing mood.

* *

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

At its February meeting the Massachusetts Fellowship Committee transferred Rev. Hugo Perdelwitz to Maine, received Rev. H. L. Thornton, Rev. D. E. Trout and Rev. J. B. Reardon from Vermont, and Rev. F. S. Walker from Maine, and issued a preacher's license for one year to Percy T. Smith of Tufts College.

Through an error it was reported from the November meeting that C. C. Conner was dropped from fellowship, "whereabouts unknown." It should have read "dropped at his own request."

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

CONNECTICUT Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-second annual Convention of the Connecticut Y. P. C. U. will be held in Norwich, Conn., April 9 and 10, for the receiving of reports, the election of officers and the transaction of all business which may legally come before said meeting.

Anna L. Kranebell, Secretary.

MICHIGAN FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Dr. A. B. Beresford has been accepted into the fellowship of the Michigan Universalist Convention on a letter of transfer from the jurisdiction of Ohio.

G. H. Ashworth, Secretary.

* *

CALIFORNIA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. George A. Miller has been transferred to the Fellowship of the Kansas Universalist Convention.

Frank Lincoln Masseck, Secretary.

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Crackling

According to a headline, the Government will prosecute coal profiteers. Too bad, too bad! All along we have been hoping that they would be punished.—*Marion Star.*

* *

"I can see the tips of your ears, dearie."

"Well, what of it?"

"Is that an accident, or are ears coming back gradually?"—*Leigh Burr.*

* *

Levy and Isaac were stopping at a hotel. "Levy," says Isaac, "did you take a bath last night?"

Levy says: "Vy, Isaac; was one of dem missing?"—*Exchange.*

* *

"What are you doing there?" asked a policeman of a woman who had stopped her automobile near a street corner and was preparing to alight.

"Parking my car," she replied. "I thought this would be a good place. The sign there reads, 'Safety Zone.' "—*Life.*

* *

Scientists say that the mountains in California are moving slowly north. This undoubtedly is to make room for Eastern tourists.—*New York Herald.*

* *

An old lady in Halls township, Sampson County, N. C., when twitted about casting her first vote for the Republicans, retorted that she had never seen the word "Democrat" in the Bible, but that she had seen "Republicans and sinners" and that she was sure the sinners were Democrats.—*Mount Olive (N. C.) Tribune.*

* *

A stranger from Mars could easily point out the civilized nations. They are the only ones that know how to make poison gas.—*San Diego Tribune.*

* *

A medical corps officer one day met in France a negro whom he had known in civil life at home.

"How do you like the army, Mose?" he asked.

"All right so far, cap'n," replied the negro, "but Ah don't know how Ah'm going to like it when dem Germans shoots at me."

"Don't worry about that," replied the officer. "All you have to do is zigzag." And he danced from side to side.

The next time the two met the negro was in a hospital.

"What's the matter with you, Mose?" asked the officer.

"Ah ain't sure, cap'n, but Ah think Ah must been ziggin' 'bout de time Ah oughta been zaggin'."—*Argonaut.*

* *

"My employees have clubbed together and taken a half-interest in the concern."

"That's nothing. My employees never did have but a half interest in my concern."—*Judge.*

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The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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THE UNIVERSALIST COMRADES REPORT THAT

Bridgeport, Conn., Westbrook, Me., Peabody, Mass., Claremont, N. H., Binghamton, N. Y., Dexter, Me., Medina, N. Y., Morris, N. Y., Mottville, N. Y., Scio, N. Y., Venice Center, N. Y., Woonsocket, R. I., Cortland, N. Y., Bethel, Me., Junction City, Kan., Berlin, N. H., Middleport, N. Y., Beverly, Mass., have already increased their subscription list

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OR MORE

Woonsocket, R. I., sends 64, the largest number so far received from any single church.

Junction City, Kan., and Scio, N. Y., each report 300 per cent increase.

The following churches are now carrying on their campaign:

California:
- Los Angeles.
- Riverside.

Colorado:
- Denver.

Connecticut:
- Bridgeport.

District of Columbia:
- Washington.

Illinois:
- Elgin.
- Litchfield.

Indiana:
- Muncie.
- Salem.

Iowa:
- Mt. Pleasant.
- Webster City.

Kansas:
- Junction City.

Kentucky:
- Hopkinsville

Maine:
- Bethel.
- Brunswick.
- Gardiner.
- Pittsfield.
- Portland.
- Rumford.
- Waterville.
- Westbrook.
- West Paris.
- Woodfords.

Massachusetts:
- Attleboro.
- Beverly.
- Canton.
- Fitchburg.
- Franklin.
- Lowell.
- Medford Hillside.
- Methuen.
- New Bedford.
- North Adams.
- Peabody.
- Quincy.
- Roxbury.
- Springfield.
- Springfield, Second.
- Taunton.
- Warren.
- Worcester, First.

Minnesota:
- Minneapolis, Redeemer.

Missouri:
- Archie.
- Elmer.

New Hampshire:
- Berlin.
- Claremont.

New Jersey.
- Hightstown.

New York:
- Binghamton.
- Buffalo, First.
- Cortland.
- Dexter.
- Medina.
- Middleport.
- Morris.
- Mottville.
- Newport.
- New York City, Divine Paternity.
- Sherburne.
- Venice Center.

Ohio:
- Cincinnati.
- Cleveland.
- Columbus.
- New Madison.
- Springfield.

Pennsylvania:
- Philadelphia, Messiah.

Rhode Island:
- Providence.
- Woonsocket.

Vermont:
- Concord.
- Springfield.
- Bellows Falls.

The following churches have their Comrades committees at work and will announce dates soon:

Alabama:
- Birmingham.

California:
- San Diego.

Colorado:
- Colorado Springs.

Connecticut:
- Hartford.
- New Haven.
- Norwich.
- Stamford.

Florida:
- Pensacola.

Illinois:
- Chicago, St. Paul's.
- Galesburg.
- Hoopeston.
- Table Grove.
- Urbana.

Indiana:
- Cloverdale.

Iowa:
- Boone.
- Mitchellville.
- Waterloo.

Maine:
- Auburn.
- Biddeford.

Maryland:
- Baltimore.

Massachusetts:
- Brockton.
- Cambridge, Porter Square.
- Chelsea.
- Framingham.
- Jamaica Plain.
- Lawrence.
- Leominster.
- North Attleboro.
- Pigeon Cove.
- Salem.
- Southbridge.
- South Weymouth.
- Wakefield.
- Worcester, All Souls.

Michigan:
- Detroit.

Minnesota:
- Rochester.

New York:
- Brooklyn, All Souls.
- Buffalo, Grace.
- Fort Plain.
- North Salem.
- South Rutland.
- Syracuse.

North Carolina:
- Hopewell.

Ohio:
- Kent.

Pennsylvania:
- Athens.
- Kingsley.
- Linesville.
- Scranton.

Rhode Island:
- Pawtucket.
- Providence.

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- Mountville.
- Newberry.
- Shelton.
- Saluda.

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- Derby Line.
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- Wausau.

In the name of the Universalist Church we ask your co-operation.

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